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COUNTRY LIFE

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Our Frontispiece: Miss Charlotte May Gibson</i> ..	595, 596
<i>Litter and the Holiday Maker. (Leader)</i> ..	596
<i>Country Notes</i> ..	597
<i>Sunbeams in Church</i> , by Edith H. Herbert ..	597
<i>Nat the Drover</i> ..	598
<i>Are the Squares of London Used to Advantage?</i> by Sir William Orpen, R.A. (Illustrated) ..	599
<i>London Birds</i> , by H. J. Massingham. (Illustrated) ..	601
<i>The W. H. Hudson Memorial Fund</i> ..	603
<i>The Pytchley Hunt Horses.</i> (Illustrated) ..	603
<i>The Disquisitions of Duncan</i> , by Bernard Darcin ..	605
<i>Agricultural Notes</i> ..	608
<i>The Dabasien Mountains</i> , by Captain W. D. M. Bell. (Illustrated) ..	609
<i>The £450 Cottage.</i> (Illustrated) ..	611
<i>Brittany Caps and Their Origin</i> , by Frances Keyzer. (Illustrated) ..	612
<i>Country Home: Grimsthorpe Castle.—II</i> , by Christopher Hussey. (Illustrated) ..	614
<i>Darkness</i> , by M. G. Meugens ..	621
<i>The Byron Centenary</i> ..	622
<i>Some Bearded Irises: Pogoniris.—II</i> , by W. R. Dykes. (Illustrated) ..	623
<i>Correspondence</i> ..	625
<i>Bird Arrivals in Richmond Park; Casa Saluzzo, Albaro (Alfred Lombart); The Rose of Jericho (N. Tourneur); Mazing a Rabbit (Guy Brown); Preserving Leather Bindings (P. G. Phillips); "Ivan" (V. Sackville-West); "The Post" (Maude Teevan); "The Cricket on the Hearth" (Frederick Graves); The Greater Black-back Meets His Match (C. J. King); Moles (A. W. Leatham).</i>	627
<i>The Career of a Great Thoroughbred Sire</i> ..	628
<i>The Estate Market</i> ..	629
<i>A Lesser Country House: New Hall Farm, Chobham, Surrey.</i> (Illustrated) ..	630
<i>A Light that has not Faded</i> ..	631
<i>The Masters of Engraving and Etching.</i> (Illustrated) ..	632
<i>Shooting Notes</i> , by Max Baker. (Illustrated) ..	633
<i>Edward Pierce, the Sculptor, as Wood-carver</i> , by M. Jourdain. (Illustrated) ..	634
<i>The Topography of London</i> , by D. Van de Goote. (Illustrated) ..	635
<i>The Building Exhibition.</i> (Illustrated) ..	636
<i>The Automobile World.</i> (Illustrated) ..	637
<i>That Which Makes for Distinction.</i> (Illustrated) ..	638
<i>From the Editor's Bookshelf</i> ..	639

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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Litter and the Holiday Maker

AT the gathering to witness the opening of the addition to Box Hill last autumn, several of the speakers mentioned a considerable source of trouble and annoyance connected with those open spaces which have become popular resorts. It is, that a certain class of visitor pays no heed to the amenities of the place. He leaves behind him a litter of such a formidable character that it takes the expenditure of much money in wages and much time to make the ground clean and wholesome again. Probably an enormous majority of those who misbehave themselves in this way are free from the slightest desire to injure or desecrate the scene of their holiday. They are only thoughtless, and as they come, to a large extent, from crowded towns, they have not been brought up, as country people are, to attend to outdoor tidiness. This was always a nuisance, but a generation or two ago it was not such a nuisance as it is to-day, mainly because there are many more inducements for holiday-makers to carry food, sweetmeats, cigarettes, and so on, in their pockets,

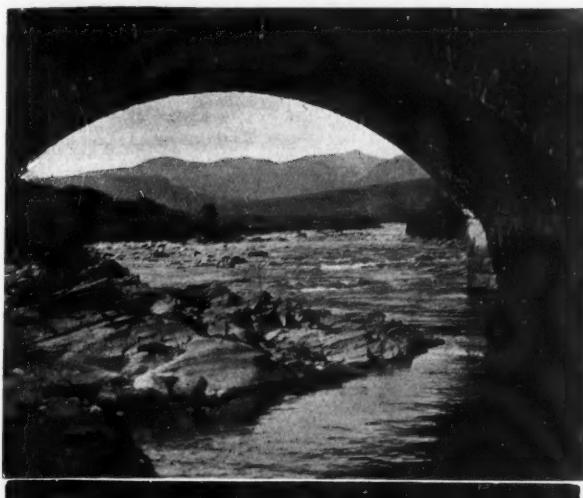
though then, as now, the *pièce de résistance* consisted of sandwiches wrapped in paper. "Man being reasonable, must get drunk," says Byron in "Don Juan," and if people are not so outrageous in this way as their forefathers used to be, they, nevertheless, like to have with them something in a bottle. It may be cold tea, or it may be ginger beer, and intoxicants are not wholly neglected even in the very civilised time in which we are living. Now, anyone touring in a motor or any other conveyance can take away the empties easily enough, but there are few men or women who are addicted to the pastime of carrying about empty bottles when the contents have undergone a certain change in geographical position; in plain language, they are only mild offenders when they leave them upon the grass. It is very much worse when the young people get hold of them and enter into a happy competition as to who can hit the bottle with a stone, thereby spreading abroad much broken glass. This is not to be untidy only, but to be dangerously so, because the smaller bits of glass get hidden in the herbage and wait there for a child with bare feet, when they inflict injuries that have been known to last for a lifetime.

On Saturday afternoon a meeting was held at Keston, in Kent, for the purpose of starting a movement with this purpose in view. It was addressed, among others, by Sir Martin Conway, and is, we believe, to be followed by a deputation to the Lord Mayor. There are two ways of going about a task of this kind, one by force and the other by persuasion. Force would take the shape of drawing up by-laws and employing policemen to see that they are attended to. Few people would like to see that carried out rigidly on an open space. Such land belongs to the people, and the better way is to show them that they have a responsibility in this matter. At bottom, it is a matter of teaching, but less, we think, by formal lessons, or even lectures, than by that direct education which comes from first learning to observe. There is no doubt that, if you get the right kind of teacher, nature becomes a fascinating study, and it is all the more fascinating if the pupils are taken out into the open air and taught what to look for and shown the signs which tell that birds have been courting and nesting or what flowers may be expected. If the pupils are young, it is interesting to hold a competition among them as to who shall collect and name the largest number of leaves—tree leaves it may be one day and leaves of plants another. Experience will show that troops of children on this errand do not loiter by the way and very soon recognise that it is up to them to leave every plot of ground as sweet and clean as they found it. We have known the mere fact of a teacher stopping to lift or put away a rag or piece of paper have more effect on the scholars than would be produced by months of talking or lecturing. One tells another, and they very soon begin to feel a pride in tidiness. They need be but a minute fraction of the number of visitors: "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," and an example set in this way will very soon be followed. Thus the work of keeping the grounds neat and pleasant may be practically done without any recourse to compulsion. At the same time, where there are very large crowds and where these crowds come from homes in which order is neglected, it may be found necessary at times to use force. Therefore, it is quite a good thing to have adequate rules drawn up and placed where all may see them; but the real triumph will be achieved when these rules are obeyed not because they are likely to be enforced by punishment, but because they have been seen to work admirably.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Miss Charlotte May Gibson, only daughter of the late Mr. William Gibson and Mrs. Gibson, and niece of Lord Glandy. Miss Gibson's engagement to the Hon. Rupert Blyth, younger son of Lord Blyth, has just been announced.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES.

AT last the foot-and-mouth problem appears to have been solved. The Berlin correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* announced on Wednesday that the germ of the disease has been discovered. As was made certain by the failure of all attempts to discover it by means of filtration, it is an incredibly small creature, its dimensions being described as something near one ten-thousandth part of a millimetre. In shape it is rod-like, and is invisible through the most powerful microscope. Two German scientists, Dr. Dahmer and Professor Frosch, have made the discovery. They were able to detect the germ by means of the ultramicroscope, and a process of microphotography specially elaborated by Professor Frosch. Now that this discovery has been made, it ought to become possible to prepare a virus that will be effective against the disease. Already the two Germans have made liquid cultures and also a solid culture. Their success was made evident on the morning of April 8th, when some cattle, after being infected with their preparation, developed the usual symptoms of food-and-mouth disease. Hence there is reason for hoping that the long hunt has ended at last and that our scientists at home will be able to open a campaign against foot-and-mouth with the assurance of ultimate success. On Sunday the *Observer* published an interview which its Berlin correspondent had with Professor Frosch. In it many interesting facts about the discovery were described. At the same time, we are bound to say that the officials of the Ministry of Agriculture, when we enquired on the 11th, knew nothing of the discovery.

THOSE who are magnetised by the huge house-building programme which has been presented by the friends of the Government will be wise to consider ways and means. The project is to build 2,500,000 workmen's cottages in fifteen years; but nothing is said as to the cost. Those interested in the question should make a point of reading the article in our present issue, called "The £450 Cottage." The recent history of cottage-building begins with the £1,000 cottages built in 1920-21. Let at an average rent of 9s. 6d. exclusive of rates, they were an economic failure; in fact, Mr. Wheatley has stated in Parliament that 100,000 cottages costing £500 and let at 9s. per week would mean a loss of £1,500,000 per annum for sixty years. Now, Lord Riddell's cottages at Walton-on-the-Hill, as they are planned, are excellent of their kind and will cost from £430 to £450. The price is just a little less than the £500 mentioned by Mr. Wheatley. Everything goes to show, however, that it is the economic question that must be faced, and the people who should face it are the Trades Union leaders. If their programme is to be carried out, they must discover a method of building houses that can be let at an economic

rent. In other words, they must agree to a policy of dilution. It is the price of labour that stands in the way of economic building, and Labour can hardly do less than agree to let recruits from the unemployed do the work at a wage which would enable the cottages to be let at a rent that those for whom they are intended can pay.

A MEETING to initiate a movement for the preservation of commons, parks and open spaces from the litter now regularly deposited upon them during bank holidays and on similar occasions was held on Saturday, at the little village of Keston, lying to the north of the Kentish downs and between the famous Hayes, West Wickham and Keston Commons. It was very well attended by men of light and leading in the neighbourhood and also by the general public. The speech of the day was made by Sir Martin Conway, who, after giving facts and statistics to show the enormous cost of clearing up the refuse in the Royal parks of London alone and of repairing the damage done by thoughtless visitors, made one or two admirable suggestions for getting rid of the evil. The most important agency, he agreed, is education; and those whom he trusted to be teachers for this crusade were the masters and mistresses of schools, Scouts and their leaders co-operating with Girl Guides and their leaders. Sir Martin intimated that he had been in communication with the Lord Mayor of London, and it had been arranged to hold a public conference at the Mansion House on April 25th, at which those interested had promised to attend and to speak. A national society has been formed with the object of supporting the movement. The Rev. Canon Thompson, the Mayor of Bromley and Major P. A. Slessor strongly denounced the nuisance. A local society is now being formed at Keston, and Major Slessor would like to get into touch with those persons interested in the movement in other parts of the United Kingdom.

SUNBEAMS IN CHURCH.

A fitful sunbeam comes and goes
Upon the chancel wall;
It warms the stone crusader's toes,
It lingers on his lady's nose
And on their carven pall.

Outside, the April wind's at play
Among the churchyard trees:
Through tangled boughs the sunbeams stray,
They make the shadows start and sway
With every vagrant breeze.

So, when the sermon's long and slow,
And has no point at all,
I watch the sunbeams come and go
And shadows flicker to and fro
Upon the chancel wall.

The sunbeam says that by the hedge
The violet buds are blue,
That on the mill pond's farthest edge
A coot is sitting in the sedge,
A kingcup's peeping through.

We have sad services in Lent
And doleful hymns to sing,
Yet woods are sweet with primrose scent
And cherry boughs with blossom bent—
I don't believe God really meant
Folks to be sad in spring.

EDITH H. HERBERT.

IN the person of Mr. A. L. Smith, the Master of Balliol, an almost perfect example of University culture and capacity has gone from us. He was known familiarly as "A. L.," and that is typical of the friendliness, the brotherliness, of the man. He did not take to writing or follow any of the other paths towards general popularity, but he was a finished scholar, and he had a fine and delicate wit, which helped to increase the regard in which he was held. The succession of young men who passed through the Oxford of his day, without exception, retained an affectionate memory of his sympathy and understanding, and his influence

over them did not cease when they left the University. Indeed, he was as zealous an educationist out of Oxford as he was within. It will be no easy task to fill his shoes.

THREE are few things more stimulating to thought than the knowledge that many of the most important inventions that we have to-day were discovered ages ago. On Saturday night Dr. Charles Singer read a paper on the subject at the Royal Institution. His illustrations were taken from the life of Leonardo da Vinci, who was, no doubt, the most inventive man of his age. There is a manuscript at Holkham Hall in which he mentions "a machine by which men may stay under water," practically speaking, a submarine; but, with more humanity than is prevalent to-day, he added, "I will not, however, divulge it because of the evil nature of men, for they would use it for murders at sea by sinking ships with those in them." He also invented a taxicab, a hint for which he probably obtained from the ancient Roman writer, Vitruvius. This is only an example of many similar discoveries, such as the pendulum clock, usually ascribed to the seventeenth century, a piston worked by steam, and quick-firing guns. The greatest was that regarding the problem of flight. He made very beautiful drawings of birds manœuvring in the air, and the flying machines he suggested were extremely like the modern monoplanes. Probably, Leonardo knew very well that in his day it was said—"nothing new under the sun"—many of these inventions had been known to the ancients.

HUGO STINNES, who died on the evening of April 10th, was one of the most extraordinary and portentous figures of the war. Rich, enterprising and unscrupulous, he had become the chief spirit in financial undertakings so huge that not even his capable grandfather could have dreamed of anything like them. Moralists of the future are certain to dwell on his personality as that of some monster or terrifying apparition. While the war lasted he continually supplied the German Government with everything they wanted, at the same time taking a toll that bulged out his own pockets, and thus serving his own and his country's interests at the same time. Probably the cynic would put it more brutally, and say that he served his country because it suited his own ends. His far-sightedness often took a very cruel form, as when he carried off numbers of skilled Belgians to work in Germany; and his was the demoniac and far-seeing genius which perceived the ultimate benefit to be derived by Germany from the destruction of the French coal mines.

WHEN defeat came, he showed just as much talent and dexterity in stormy as he had done in prosperous times. Old businesses had gone, but he started new and recovered much of the personal prestige which he had forfeited. The best of his countrymen, indeed, hated him and his ways. The Gibbon or pictorial historian of the future would have, however, to search the private lives of the most notorious Roman emperors to find his parallel. He will continue to exist in the imagination of all who study his record as a monstrous shape hovering over a stricken country. It would be easy to represent him as something worse were it not that his intemperate inclinations were held in check by a certain commonsense and cool judgment. He was a hard employer, and no-one is at all likely to credit him with the spirit of philanthropy, but he knew that just dealing was the only way to obtain solid work, and that kept him from being what is called a "bad master." His own capacity for work was almost superhuman and makes it difficult to realise that the fire has gone out and the day ended for this unbeatable fighter in fair weather and in foul.

ONE of the most interesting team matches of the golfing calendar is that at Hoylake, between the Royal Liverpool Golf Club and the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society. At St. Anne's and Formby and Birkdale the Society enjoy admirable golf and the traditional and unbounded hospitality of the North; but at Hoylake there is added to these something of a friendly blood feud. The visitors bring

the best they can muster, and are desperately anxious to win: the men of Hoylake are just as anxious to repel the Southron invader, and they generally succeed. This time, after a most exciting finish, both the singles and foursomes were halved, and the honours of the day rested with Hoylake, who had once more shown how greatly they can rise to the occasion on their native heath. The pleasantest thing about the whole tour was that Mr. John Ball played in two of the matches. At St. Anne's he played very finely, and won easily: at Hoylake he went down, but that is a small matter. The point is that every single one of the visitors wants to play with him, and that the lucky one who does so has something to remember for the rest of his golfing life. If anybody wants to see hero-worship he should watch Mr. Ball starting out on a match at Hoylake.

GENERAL regret will be felt at the resignation of Lady Bathurst from the ownership of the *Morning Post*. It seems as if the newspaper could not be itself without her. It was made as a modern newspaper by her father, Lord Glenesk, who had a most efficient lieutenant in his son, Oliver, who, alas! died too soon. During Lady Bathurst's ownership it has more than sustained its old reputation for good writing. Lord Morley, who was one of the best judges of the kind of thing, held that there had been no political writing like it since the times of *Junius*, and he was a Radical judging of a Tory production. It has been a part of the charm of the *Morning Post*, however, that even those who differed from its conclusions admired the cleverness with which the points were made; but, of course, a crowd of readers is not attracted by high literary merit, and the *Morning Post* scarcely pretended to appeal to the crowd. Its affairs in future are to be managed by a trust, of which the Duke of Northumberland will be chairman. This is a guarantee that its principles will be maintained, and we hope the charm and cleverness also.

NAT THE DROVER.

A-roaming here, a-roaming there,
From town to town the country over,
With grizzled Sal his lurcher bitch,
A canty man was Nat the Drover.

Nat's parentage was none so good,
His father was of that persuasion
Can patch a pot, or clout a shoe,
Or rob a hen roost on occasion.

His mother was a tousled quean
The daughter of old Gipsy Fanny,
Folks vowed she had the evil eye,
'Twas true she had a blink uncanny.

But, better bless'd, Nat well had been
No roving, ranting, poaching callant.
'Twas roaming here, 'twas roaming there
Allowed him scope to use his talent.

So roaming here and roaming there
From town to town the country over
'Twas far to go and much to spend
To meet a rogue like Nat the Drover.

"EAST RIDING."

IT may be said of "Toby, M.P.," as it was of the Martyr King, that nothing became him in the world so much as his manner of leaving it. In his last will and testament he seems to have forgotten nobody. Everybody is remembered who has deserved it of him, and he has taken care that he himself should not be forgotten. For ten years his portrait by Sargent is to hang in the dining-room of *Punch*, after which it is to be offered to the National Portrait Gallery. Another means should be still more operative. He has left directions that £100 should be invested and, with the amount received as interest, four boxes, each containing twenty-five cigars, are to be purchased and smoked after the first *Punch* dinner in January, April, July and October by those present, so that, wreathed in curls of smoke, the staff of *Punch* may be pleasantly reminded of "Toby," their distinguished predecessor, who began life with nothing and ended by leaving a fortune of a quarter of a million.

IN our Agricultural Notes this week is printed a very complete account of the soja bean in France. Our neighbours have a perfect genius for making the most of an all-round vegetable such as this that can be used in nearly a hundred different ways. In China and Japan, where little bread is eaten, it forms a kind of national food and, cooked in a rudimentary fashion, is the stand-by food of the poor, while the rich associate it with all kinds of delicacies. A vegetable milk is made of it and from this a cheese called "To Fu." In France, as in this country, it is, perhaps, most valuable as forage for cattle, for which it can be used either green or dry. The bean when ground or crushed, also becomes excellent feeding-stuff. This bean has the advantage of being easily cultivated. If planted early in May, when the ground is recovering from the wet and the cold of winter, it may be harvested in September. The French consider that, under the Paris climate, the variety Tokyo Noir, which has big black seeds, is the most satisfactory both as regards quality and quantity. At any rate, it has given the best results in trials. There are many other varieties from which to choose.

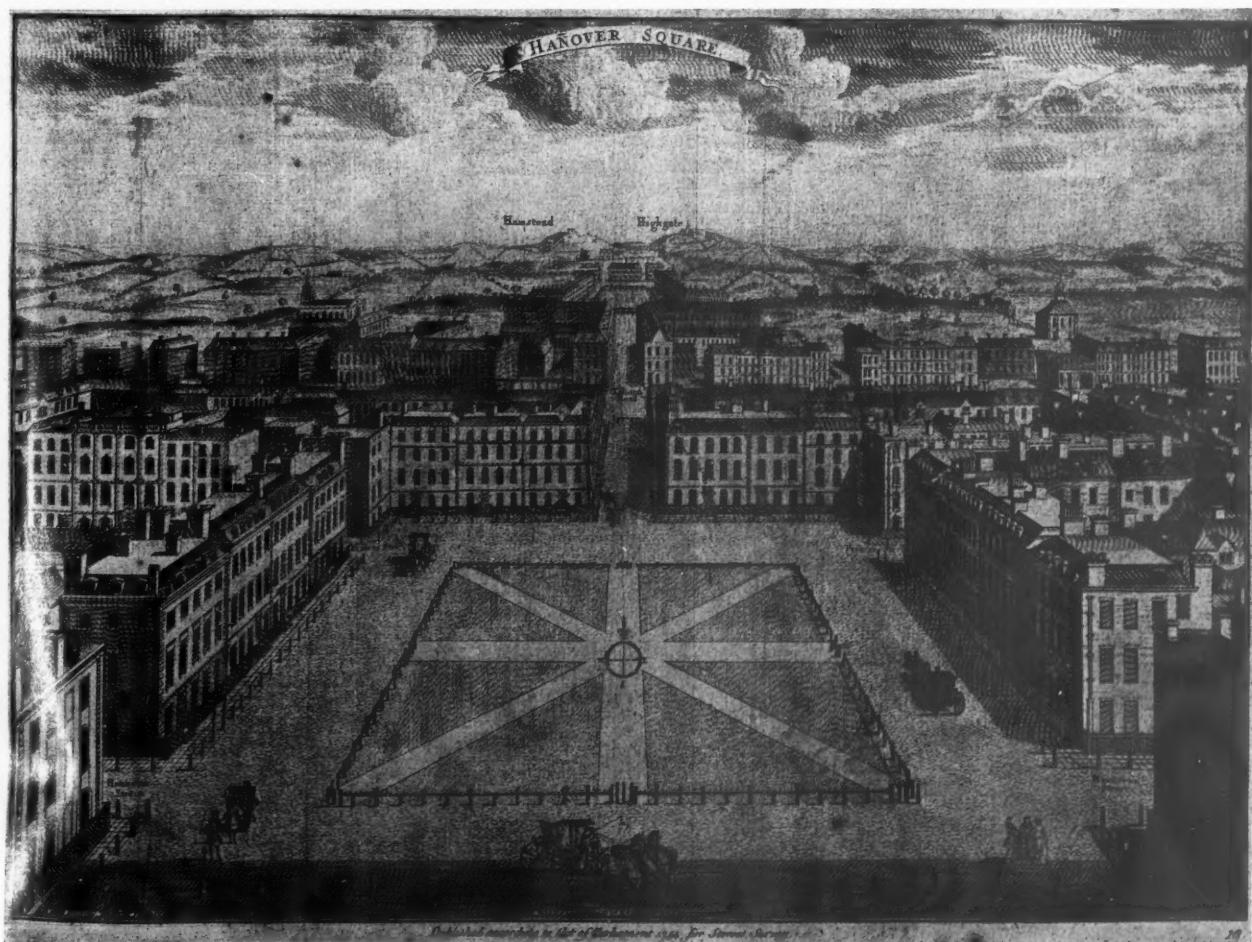
LORD LAMBOURNE'S plea in the *Times* for more consideration to be extended to sea birds disabled by oil ought to appeal to the humanity of the public. The case as stated by the spokesman of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is very clear, and has, indeed, been stated in our columns on several occasions. Sea-birds are too often found on our shores reduced to helplessness by the fact that the wings are clogged with oil and they are unable to fly; a lingering and painful death follows. Lord Lambourne says that during the last eighteen months three hundred sea-birds have been picked up in the neighbourhood of Folkestone, Hythe and Sandgate. They were in a disabled state, covered with oil and unable to fly. He points out the cause. As the law stands, the Act of 1922 only prohibits the discharge of oil in our territorial waters. Outside of that area, the oil can be discharged, and then drifts inshore, and Lord Lambourne appeals "to all bird lovers to join in protesting against this state of things. Some means can and must be found to protect our sea-birds from this terrible scourge." Needless to say, we are in hearty agreement with him.

ARE THE SQUARES OF LONDON USED TO ADVANTAGE?

BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.

TREES are beautiful things, both in leaf and in their winter skeletons—glories of proportion, design and colour; but, to my mind, some of the big spaces in London would be as well without them—much more so, at least, without their guardian railings. Yet it is not the trees that, in nearly all cases, I am so much against, as those very common railings which enclose them, shutting us off from their beauty and leaving us in the mean streets

that surround them. Their beauty is, perhaps, in the wrong place, as in some cases they certainly make spaces appear small. They both, trees and railings, also make it impossible to get a proper distance away to form a correct idea of the architecture of the buildings. Think of the size of the Place Vendôme, in Paris, compared with, for instance, Belgrave Square. Why, Belgrave Square could eat up the Place Vendôme; yet which looks the more imposing? There is, surely, no question.



A PROSPECT OF HANOVER SQUARE IN 1754.

Showing it was once open and bright, as Sir William Orpen suggests most of our squares should be.

Can one imagine filling up the Place Vendôme with trees—dripping trees—wet clay and dank grass for the most part of the year? Even in Paris, a dryer city than ours, it would be a pitiful thing to do. Are our great squares ever used? I have studied Berkeley Square for very many years, and even in the early summer it is a rare sight to see one human being in it. Berkeley Square I take first, as I think it is London's most romantic square, and its trees the most beautiful of any—far too beautiful to be removed, even though they drip with moisture through the most part of the year; but the railings round them are certainly ugly, and they blot out the view far more than the trees. Yet, regarding these trees, touch a leaf and your finger is black. The grass—sit on it, and your clothes are destroyed. Imagine those nasty railings cleared away and all the dank grass and wet clay gone. Yes, surely, clear its railings, clear its dirt, leave its trees: and Berkeley Square, with seats for tired people and nursemaids, the frail pagoda in the middle at last showing itself to advantage! Then take Belgrave Square—what a space, were it cleared—what a chance for a good designer to show what he could do with a great space! Now, for the best part of the year, it only exudes damp and dirt, and is practically never used by the "key owners." St. James's Square has been wonderfully cleared—one can see right through it—and the railings over the low stone wall are beautiful. This has been worked on lately and is far the most beautiful square in London, and should not be touched. What a dignified place it is with the statue in the middle, clear to view! Certainly the Bloomsbury squares would all be more healthy and cheerful, and the insides of the houses would have more light and be gayer for the occupants; the dim sadness of Bloomsbury's squares would be gone for ever, and health and happiness would surely come by removing the railings and a great lot of the overcrowded trees. It is the same thing with Grosvenor, Manchester, Hanover, Cavendish, Gloucester, etc., Squares; most of them would be far more imposing without their dank, dripping trees and railed-off enclosures. I know people will say "How absurd! Our trees are beautiful; they are part of the character of London." This is true, but London has quite enough character without the railings and a lot of the trees, and not half enough space for health. In fact, we make no use of its spaces, and it is overcrowded. Take the other point of view. I certainly would think a Frenchman was mad if he suggested having a small thoroughfare round the Place Vendôme, and that they should put up railings and fill the inside of these with 70ft., dripping, dank trees. There is no argument there; no sane Frenchman would suggest such a thing. Any one who did would be sent straight to Claremont. But, I submit, in all humility, that, in my opinion, there is a lack of space in London which could easily, in a great measure, be got over by taking away the railings and giving the squares and waste places to the people for their enjoyment, for beauty, and for their health and for the health of the lucky tenants who can afford to reside in such squares. I certainly mean more "down railings" than "down trees," though, I admit, I would like a little less of the latter. Would one like to see the great spaces in the city of Bath surrounded by railings and filled with trees? Surely not. And, I submit, that London has wonderful spaces which in some cases have been stupidly filled up—which has turned them into waste places.



BELGRAVE SQUARE COULD EAT UP THE PLACE VENDOME.

"If this were only cleared away," they said, "it would be grand."



BERKELEY SQUARE.

The most romantic and the most deserted square in London.



ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

One can see right through it since the recent clearing. What a dignified place it is!

London Birds

[The late Mr. W. H. Hudson, for whose memorial we have opened a subscription list, was a very great authority on London birds, as is shown by his well known book about them. Even since Hudson wrote about the London birds, however, great changes in the avifauna have occurred, owing to the setting up of bird sanctuaries which are attracting a new feathered population to London. Mr. H. J. Massingham, who was one of Hudson's most intimate friends, refers to this in the article below, and will, we hope, give us in a future article an intimate account of his friend, the great bird-lover, W. H. Hudson.]

THREE hundred years ago one of the commonest London birds was the kite, now reduced to two or three pairs in the whole of Britain. But, though London was so much more countrified then than it is now, it is probable that the actual number of resident birds in Greater London at the present time is not less than of those occupying the same area in Elizabethan times. Quite possibly more, since the presence of predatory birds in large numbers doubtless kept the sparrow within reasonable bounds. The trouble with us Londoners to-day is not the decrease, but the democratisation (using that word in its most malevolent sense) of our bird life. The last thing that our London birds should remind us of is ourselves, and that is exactly what the London sparrow does. He is omnipresent, uniformly drab and dingy, and always making the same unpleasing noises. Sparrows, in other words, bring the jaded Londoner no refreshment from himself, whom he sees endlessly multiplied all day long and quite unescapably in the mornings and evenings, periods dedicated to the birds more than any others of the day. The sparrow is a perpetual memento and parable of the dulness and monotony of a modern industrial city.

What the Londoner really wants, of course, are romance, wildness, poetry—Aladdin and the Fairy Queen, to take the most extreme unmetropolitan examples—and when he finds them in actual life, in the life of nature, spread like a sea breeze over his wilderness of brick, he is amazed and delighted as no countrymen in the nature of things could be. No article on London birds, therefore, is anything but a travesty of itself if it does not mention that notable experiment of Sir Lionel Earle and his merry men in establishing bird sanctuaries in seven of the London Parks, and no book or article on the same theme can be but out of date, if they were written previously to 1922. The pheasant and the lesser whitethroat now nest in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens; the ring-ousel, garden warbler, woodcock, snipe, meadow pipit, wood wren and lesser spotted woodpecker, all birds which remind us of the deep country, of what Hudson used to call "incult" places, visit them in winter or as spring and autumn migrants, while forty-nine species nested in Richmond Park alone last year. The meadow and tree pipits, wild wigeon, tufted duck and pochard, the lesser whitethroat and the wheatear, the common snipe, the redstart and the nuthatch, the grey and yellow wagtails I myself, the most casual of observers, have seen within half an hour's (put it at forty minutes at the outside) bus-ride of Charing Cross, and all of them outside the area of the new sanctuaries. The yellow wagtail, indeed, nested within a mile and a half of Hammersmith Bridge in a bit of waste land two years ago, and a pair of redstarts are punctual nesters every year among the serious-minded oaks near Penn Ponds and outside the Isabella sanctuary near by, while the tree pipit I should call a common bird pretty well all over Richmond Park. Three years ago, again, a pair of peregrines feasted like pampered nobles on the fat pigeons of St. Paul's. Thus, in spite of fogs, rain, bustle, scarcity of insect life and other obvious drawbacks, many species of widely separated families find London as congenial to them as they did the war area.

One of the most enjoyable and persistent of London birds is the greenfinch. Surely, it is the most talkative bird we have, excluding the sparrow. The greenfinch talks all day long for nearly six months in the year, and when you can get the traffic out of your ears, what is there more reposeful, more breathing of content and care-free hours than the brook-like chatter of the greenfinches in the park trees? It is, in a way, like a leap into an ideal world which you catch in its workaday aspect, and there are the little green citizens, with golden sashes hanging, going about their affairs among their airy green paths in a perpetual buzz of conversation that is melodious without being formalised into song. Or, if we must have human comparison, then you may think that you are listening to the quite prosaic and yet so amiable loquacity of a tea party of Mrs. Unwin's, with poor Cowper, free of being haunted in his solitude, joining in. There may not be much in what they are all saying, but these are the voices of a contented folk. How utterly different are the voices of the evening swifts, one of the most abundant of London birds! What wildness and mad exhilaration are in their screams as they go racing and revelling through space, these queer intoxicated elementals which, by the very violence of their primitive ecstasy, cause in us, looking up at them from the pavements, spectators only of such a frenzy of joy, a sadness as unknown to them as such transports to us. Another goodly scream is that of *Larus ridibundus*, the country gull that comes to town on holiday. That is not strictly accurate, for it is an odd fact that in London I have seen black-headed gulls as I have heard the thrush's song for every month of the year. These are not immature birds, but probably spinsters and

bachelors, thorough townsfolk, who turn a deaf ear—or a deafened one, if they are spinsters—to the voice of—

"Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park,
Made green and trimm'd with trees."

It was a curious experience of mine to come back to London from that little tropical wilderness, like a backwater of the Amazon, set in the midst of the dull, commonplace, utilitarian plain of mid-Norfolk, Scoulton Mere, where the blackheaded gull breeds in the reedy swamps to the tune of ten thousand strident cries, and meet precisely the same species leisurely winging over a genteel, suburban street.

London life, of course, alters the habits of birds and, as they nest in closer proximity to one another than in the country, unexpected dislocations of normal relations between neighbours are constantly cropping up. Thus, a pair of robins built in a kettle in my backyard last year within a yard of a pair of tom-tits. But it was the latter, not the former, which were the ruling classes. While the hen robin was engaged in minding and pursuing her own business, she was constantly attacked and driven away by one or other of the tits, and gave meek and invariable way to them. She was a remarkable woman, too, for she was the only one able to tempt the cock bird from a three years' devotion to the



B. Taranda.

THE MAVIS IN A LONDON GARDEN.

Copyright.

memory of his former wife, which died eggbound. Except during July and August, these ferocious tits used their nesting box the whole year round. When the young come forth (and that historical event makes havoc of the peace of Suburbia), the whole family sets forth upon the grand tour. In the autumn the parents return—just about the time that the willow wrens are making their way south through the London gardens—and make a bedroom of the box until the following spring, the hen sleeping there every night with unfailing domesticity, the cock sometimes accompanying her, and sometimes not. In other ways London life seems to upset the regular habits of birds, for while this pair of tom-tits had ten eggs in early May last year, another pair, nesting zoyds away, had seven at the end of June. In yet other ways, the effect of metropolitanism has been to re-establish long discarded social habits. Thus, the carrion crow—which has become, through the enmity of the gamekeeper, a solitary species all over Britain, except in the wilder parts of the Welsh hills, and does not mix with the rooks even in their sports, as I have seen a pair of ravens do in South Devon—is gregarious in London and assembles along the river to the number of thirty birds in a flock. What is more, the skylark, a common winterer in London and present during the summer months in fewer numbers, has learned to sing in a fog, a London fog, which is an acquisition so



THE BLUE TIT.



CELEBS, THE LONDON CHAFFINCH.



B. Taranda.

A REDBREAST VERY MUCH AT HOME.
The photographs illustrating this article were all taken near the Serpentine.

Copyright.

remarkable that I can only conjecture that it has been achieved through an ancestral memory of the dense and fetid miasmas rising from the steaming swamps of the Cretaceous or early Eocene periods.

The tawny is the most noticeable of the London owls, but the barn and the little owls also frequent the London area, though in much fewer numbers. If I were asked how many species of birds were night birds in London, I should, at a venture of reckoning, reply, "about fifty." Heron I hear screeching "their way from cloud to cloud" night after night throughout the year, and during the winter months lapwing are notable night flyers. The other forty odd species are the wading birds which pass over London during their spring and autumn migrations, especially the latter, and the cries of the rushing, winged travellers, drifting down from the inverted bowl of darkness, are those of a great variety of species. And there is something peculiarly moving to Londoners in this confused tumult of voices falling from invisible hosts. Even in the big industrial towns of the North, the country is, as the Americans say, "somewhere around." But London is so vast that to those who have no motor cars to whisk them into the real thing for weekends the sense of the country is a lost heritage. And to these birds London is but a smudge or, rather, a convenient finger-post to guide them onwards to their franchise of so many wide lands, so that the little globetrotters stand in our eyes, or, rather, ears, for the magnificent unknown. Do we not in our hearts accost the travellers, "Whither bound?" And they reply in a babel of cries, "To Atlantis, Atlantis!"

Not that we do so badly. If I stroll in my backyard during the spring in an inland suburb, the tomtit slips in and out of her nest; the blackbird is trolling his Arcadian notes in the sycamore near by; the swifts pass like winged spheres through space; the dunnock interrupts the tea talk of the greenfinches, like the maid singing in the kitchen, but they take no notice; a heron strides the clouds past my window; wood-pigeons plunge about the air, and the sparrows make a methodical meal of the greenfly on my rosebush. Even in so dumb and vacant a month as August, things are happening, and the wheel of natural life manages to keep revolving. The tumult of the swifts overhead increases daily, and before they have all gone, in the second week of the month, they must have travelled half their long journey in their whirrigigs above the squares and streets. Early in the month last year, a greater spotted woodpecker came into my backyard in extreme agitation, because he had lost his way, and the next day appeared a still-singing willow wren, whose leisurely progress and meditative farewell showed him a pilgrim following the ancient track, once green, now fenced and bricked. At the end of the month, a large colony of sandmartins established themselves on the reservoirs near Hammersmith in the fierce gale we had at that time. They worked their way against the wind, and just above the surface of the water, so slowly that they looked like dark, fluttering water plants waving their petals in the wind. Then they turned on the wind's back, rode it at its own giddy pace and then tacked into it again. These sandmartins stayed in London for nearly a whole month, and before they left were sharing the hostel of Chiswick Eyot for the nights with the collecting swallows.

September, and an immature yellow wagtail appeared on the allotments, the gulls daily swelled their numbers, the tits came back home for a week-end, the robins struck into their autumn measure, the meadow pipits began to drop in upon the cabbage fields for the winter, and the larks with them, and at the very end of the month a chaff-chaff passed by me singing away, and a full six weeks after, the last of the willow wrens I had seen.

October, and that is the month the banded starlings begin to force themselves on our notice, harrying our few London kestrels more in mischief than in anger, and roaring like a tidal wave in their multitudes, as they rush in upon St. Paul's at sundown. By the middle of the month the wildfowl are returning to the lakes and reservoirs: first, half a dozen, then a score, and at last a hundred to one sheet of water. The reservoir was empty one day in October, and on the next there were eight tufted duck upon it, seven females and young birds and one adult male, for the males are the last to arrive in force. And, before the winter has swept away

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the last litter of autumn, the black-headed gulls have been joined by common gulls from Scotland, and herring gulls and even a few lesser black-backs from our coasts and islands, while if the winter really digs himself in, you will sometimes find bramblings and tree sparrows among the chaffinches along the river fields.

H. J. MASSINGHAM

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THE PYTCHLEY

HUNT HORSES

Although mounted on The General, one of the finest fencers in England—at least in the parts of England in which he had previously been hunted—he got three falls in little more than as many miles, and lamented that it had not been the turn of one of his newly purchased horses to have carried him on that day, as they were more accustomed than The General to make their way through the enormous blackthorn hedges—to say nothing of the ditches, brooks and timber with which that part of Northamptonshire abounded.

IHAVE quoted from "Nimrod" Apperley's account of what was the first impression of his young hero in the Pytchley Country, and as, with all his many tiresome and pompous literary tricks, our friend, "Pomponius Ego," had one great virtue, that of talking only of what he had personally experienced, his record is as valuable as it is interesting. That which Apperley wrote of the kind of horse necessary to convey his rider safely over this strongly enclosed grass country is as true of to-day as it was of the times of which he spoke. Apperley was writing of the "reign" of Mr. John Warde, who was Master of the Pytchley from 1797 to 1808, the mastership which immediately preceded the joint one of Lord Althorp, son of the famous Lord Spencer (1750), who was the first Master of the Pytchley, and Sir Charles Knightley, whose name is one of the most distinguished in the whole history of the hunt, and ranks equally with those of Lord Spencer, Mr. George Payne, Mr. Musters, "Squire" Osbaldeston, Mr. Tom Smith, and Colonel Anstruther Thompson, to mention a few of the great characters in Pytchley history at random.

"Brooksby" (the late Captain Pennell-Elmhurst) corroborates Apperley in respect to the nature of the Pytchley country, for he writes: "A bad horse cannot get over the country at all, and a second class one will only spoil your pleasure and ruin your nerve."

The bad horse has no place anywhere in the Shires, for he will not go three fields if the man on his back is one of the intrepid division who scorns the adventitious aid of a gate—that can be opened; and, therefore, if you or I wish to see how a galloping pack of hounds can hunt their fox, we had better look to it, before we embark upon our adventure, that we have the right kind of steed between our knees, one who has no thought of turning his head, and is a bold, big jumper which has little or nothing to learn about his trade. The second-class article, as poor "Brooksby" justly remarked, will only ruin our nerve by making that which is already formidable enough in all conscience look ten times more formidable still.

The unfortunate thing about the past hunting season, and particularly in the Shires, has been that those who have had the priceless possession known as a first-class hunter have had so few chances of riding him, and it is a sorrowful fact that, since shortly after Christmas, such packs as the Quorn, Fernie and Pytchley have had their lawful occasions so greatly interfered with as to make hunting virtually impossible. The Quorn have suffered most of all, the Fernie probably next, and the Pytchley and Warwickshire almost as severely. Imagine the feelings of not only the private individual, but of a Master of hounds with a stable full of first-class horses all condemned to absolute idleness and the unprofitable task of what is called eating their heads off. Up to a period we all went on hoping against hope that this scourge, the cattle plague, would lift, but as the days lengthened into months our spirits sunk below zero when we saw the inevitable staring us in the face.

One stable of hunt horses in the Shires is very much the same as another, for you will find each of them full of the best expression of the galloping hunter. No Master can afford to keep any other kind if the business of the *chasse* is to proceed with any success. The private individual has no obligation to go where hounds go and to get to them, no matter what obstruction lies in the path: a Master of hounds and his hunt servants have got to be there *coûte que coûte*, or fail in their business, and therefore no second-class article can be kept in stock. I have had the extreme good fortune during the past season to make the personal acquaintanceship of the hunt studs of four of the principal establishments in what are called the Shires—the Belvoir, the Cottesmore, the Quorn and the Pytchley—and greatly as I have been impressed by each in turn, I am free to confess that there is very little, if anything, to choose between any of them, for the very simple reason that the horse needed to tackle the grass countries has got to be of one pattern, and that the best. No cocktail impostor pretending to be a hunter can hope to succeed. It is invidious to particularise, but I fancy that most people, if asked to state an unbiased opinion as to which, on an all-round reckoning, is the stiffest country to tackle, would give the vote to the Pytchley domain in Northamptonshire. This is not the same thing as saying that the big Leicestershire fences, some of the seemingly bottomless bottoms in the Belvoir country and the obstacles you will meet in a perambulation with the Cottesmore, do not need doing, and a vast deal of doing at that; but I fancy that, by common consent, the Pytchley country will be allowed to be the most formidable of them all.

I know that distinguished authorities, like the late Pennell-Elmhurst, have said that there are small horses that will find their way over the grass countries with the best, and there are some instances of these having proved themselves brilliant stars, but the average hunter found in the Shires is a big one, and he needs to be, for no small one would see over the tops of some of the fences, and a Northamptonshire bullfinch needs something strong to bore a hole in it. All these Pytchley hunt horses, bar one, which are interviewed in these pages are big ones, and as good as they are big. One of the most distinguished of them, Poor Saint, is not included in this gallery, as he had not, at the time these pictures were taken, recovered from the bucketing he got when Freeman rode him in the Great Brockhall run—a fourteen mile point as the crow flies, and probably double that as hounds ran. Freeman only rode this horse to the other side of Stowe Wood—a historic landmark in the Pytchley country—as he was then lame, and probably did the damage at the Everdon brook, over which he only got with a scramble. Freeman then got on to Sir Charles Lowther's horse and rode him through the rest of the hunt. It was the greatest run registered by this pack in twenty years and there was practically only one check. They ran into their fox and pulled him down in the open at Stoke Bruin after three hours at a pace that found out the soft spots in all excepting the very best. The Everdon Brook took a very heavy toll of the bravest. It was a great feather in the cap of hounds and the man who hunted them, and if Frank Freeman had never done anything else to establish his reputation, this hunt alone would have done it. His cast after the check at Dodford Holt was an inspiration of genius. Hounds never left the line after that. I merely quote this run as illustrative of the kind of steed that you need to see the end of a hunt in this country. There is many a horse that



W. A. Rouch.

BRUNETTE.

Copyright.

will carry you brilliantly for a racing thirty minutes; but three hours and practically no chance given horses to catch their winds, think of it! This run will live in the memory of the gallant and mud-spattered few who saw the end of it. Freeman, naturally, saw every yard of it, and he would have done so on the one horse, Poor Saint, but for the little incident at the Everdon Brook just referred to. It gives us some idea of what is wanted. It is no exaggeration to say that all these horses in the Pytchley hunt stud are good enough to do ditto with dots. Brunette, for instance, is, in Freeman's opinion, the best hunter he has. He has ridden her three seasons, and he asserts that it is impossible to put her wrong—water, timber, the great staring thorn fences—nothing comes amiss to her. Her picture shows what a grand-fronted one she is. What a pair of shoulders to sit behind! She earned

a special tribute from a hunting correspondent for the manner in which she threw the oxers Chipston way behind her. I should think that there are few better in all England than this mare. The Whip and Sportsman are not great celebrities, so far, but their pictures are eloquent enough of their type. Romer is another, however, to which Freeman awards a medal. He has ridden him three seasons, and he has never put him down, so far as I know. There is nothing more which needs to be said. Myra, a beautiful outline of a Shire huntress, is one of the first whip's stud. She has only one fault, she is a bit on the small side for this big country. Marvel, another in this gallery, has carried Lady Lowther very well. He is a whole-coloured brown showing a lot of quality, and is what is called an undeniably "tradesman" when there is a big fence in front. Peter is one of Sir



MARVEL.



PETER.



THE WHIP.



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MYRA.

W. A. Rouch.

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April

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Charles Lowther's horses, and is ticketed absolutely first-class. He is up to a power of weight, and they tell me you can never get to the bottom of him, however hectic the battle.

In concluding this hasty glance at a very famous section of the hunting map of England, I think it would be a very good plan to steal a story from the old *Sporting Magazine* of 1846, *à propos* Northamptonshire oxers generally and the performances of Brunette, to which I have just been referring in particular. It relates to the exploits of one of the well known star performers of the Pytchley hunt during the second reign of that famous Master, Mr. George Payne. I quote it because it is such a vivid description of the kind of *boulevèrsement* which any aspirant to first-class honours might meet when attempting to ride close up to the stumps of the Pytchley.

The writer of 1846 said: "One day at Sywell Wood we were not able to throw off till 12.30 for the snow; at that time

it had sufficiently melted, and an immediate find was followed by a very sharp burst; and in the bustle the snow balls from the horses' feet were anything but sport. We soon came upon an ox-fence, a very high flight of rails—a sort of a hedge and a deep, wet, broad ditch on the other side. The leading man, Mr. Nethercote, a determined rider, charged it on a well-known hunter whose four legs, however, the snow took from under him on taking off, and he went *through* into the next field; as ugly a fall as need be, where he lay horse and all, doubled up like a hedgehog. I made use of the fallen mare's clearance, and hearing from himself that, as the Irishman says, he was not kilt entirely, I made play as I was best able."

To ride at a big place with the snow balling in his horse's feet was, of course, asking for it, but hounds were running and who would not have done as Nethercote did—have a fling and chance it?

HARBOROUGH.

THE DISQUISITIONS OF DUNCAN

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

OME three years ago George Duncan and I wrote a book together, called "Present-day Golf." The dross of Darwin has now been put on one side and the gold of Duncan has, if I may be allowed a mixed metaphor, been published as a separate volume under the old title. To what he wrote before, Duncan has added some fresh material, and I think that there is now no law of modesty to prevent me from saying something about it.

The new chapters deal chiefly with the younger generation of golfers in this country and with the golfers of America. They are very interesting because they are very frank. Duncan says what he means; he is sincere, but not lavish, in his praise, and is never afraid to criticise a point in style, however distinguished the player. There is no question on which golfers well qualified to judge differ more widely than that of the comparative merits of the present generation of golfers and its predecessors. Some cling to their old divinities—others hold that the great power of the modern school more than makes up for the possibly greater accuracy of their elders. I know no shrewder judges than Mr. John Low and Mr. Sidney Fry. Mr. Low, unless I mistake him, thinks, in his secret heart, that the amateurs of his day were better than the best to-day. The occasional wild crash into the heather of some tremendous young smiter offends his sense of what is fit and proper. Mr. Fry, on the other hand, who has now been holding his own in very good company for a very long time, is for the young men. Their hitting certainly does not crush him when he plays against them. It was only a year or so ago that, having to meet one of the longest drivers of our post-war internationals, he said to him, with perfect gravity, on the first tee, "You don't mind my playing three before you've played two, do you?" And then he beat him comfortably. Nevertheless, he is greatly impressed with the power of the new school, and inclines to the belief, I think, that the old could not quite have lived against it.

Having quoted one wise man on either side, let me turn to Duncan. He, naturally, talks of the professionals rather than the amateurs, and, on the whole, he sticks up for age against youth. "There are now in this country," he says, "a very large and continually increasing number of good players, but I do not at the moment see any who are likely quite to take the place of the triumvirate among the professionals or of Mr. Ball and Mr. Hulton among the amateurs. . . . It seems to me that for the time being people are sacrificing accuracy too much for length. . . . There are certainly many fine long drivers, but as compared with those elder players they go more frequently off the course. They can and do often play brilliantly, but I do not quite see them keeping on and on, always at the top or thereabouts, like the champions I have mentioned." I wish he would or could account for the reason of the greater length of modern driving, but he does not. He says that there is no particular secret and that "the ball has a good deal to do with it." No doubt it has, and yet—No, I don't think that will quite do. I cannot help believing, with due humility, that the younger generation, as a whole, has learnt to swing shorter and stand stiffer and thus to punch harder.

Duncan's technical criticisms are of great interest to those who know the play of the players criticised. He has an admiration for the leisureliness and slowness of Havers' swing, but disapproves of the very marked turning movement of the wrists, which, in the case of his iron clubs, he thinks tends to make his swing too flat. After Havers, among the young professionals, he puts Percy Allis, whose "methods seem to me," he says, "almost

ideal." That is praise from Sir Hubert Stanley, and Allis ought to be pleased with himself. Among amateurs, though he deems Mr. Wethered and Mr. Tolley the players of the greatest power and possibilities, Duncan gives first prize in point of method to Mr. Holderness. That which pleases him most in Mr. Wethered's style is his management of his left leg. "Look," he cries ecstatically, "how splendidly firm that left leg is at the moment of impact," and adds that Mr. Wethered and Abe Mitchell "have the best left legs in golf." He much admires Mr. Tolley's "fine, true swing," and cannot understand why "he should sometimes go as crooked as he does." That is a problem that used almost to bring tears of exasperated wonderment to many of Mr. Tolley's admirers, but Mr. Tolley does not often drive crooked nowadays. Those who go out to play him expecting a merciful little bonus of one or two shots deep in the heather are apt to be disappointed.

Duncan puts the leading Americans in the following order: 1, Mr. Bobby Jones; 2, Sarazen; 3, Hagen. Of Mr. Jones, he says that he "never saw anyone hit a golf ball with greater ease," and compares his style to that of Mr. John Ball, in that both have a naturally perfect and effortless turning movement of the body and both play practically every shot by means of it, regulating the turn according to the length of the shot. Certainly, there are no two players who make the game look quite so simple as these two do—no, not even Harry Vardon. Vardon hits the ball fully as gracefully, but he does not make one say to oneself quite to the same extent, "Well, there does not seem much in that. I feel as if I could do it myself."

As regards Sarazen, Duncan tells an amusing little story against himself. Just before Sarazen won the American Championship at Skokie, near Chicago, he was playing his iron shots badly and asked Duncan to come and give him a lesson. Now, Duncan had already been wrestling with a complex disease of Mr. Jesse Guilford, who was at once hooking with his iron and socketing with his mashie. It was, likewise, a very hot day and he was tired, and so begged to be excused. That, as he says, was probably very lucky for Sarazen, for the stern master would have wanted the pupil to alter his grip and so "got him into a muddle." It would only be poetic justice now if Sarazen were to tell Duncan, on the eve of our next open Championship, some infallible method of holing short putts.

The teaching chapters remain as they were originally written. They cannot be said to constitute an elementary text book, but for anybody who already knows something of the game they seem to me very good reading. Duncan disdains the old, old story of the overlapping grip, and plunges straight ahead into the mysteries of open and shut faces, and the transference of weight, and so on. If the reader will likewise plunge boldly in and not be frightened of and much that is interesting. It would be still more if—which is, alas! impossible—he could have Duncan in person as well, darting about his shop and picking up here a driver and there an iron to illustrate his meaning or imitate a brother champion. The fun is best of all when he describes some match of his own, and says: "Let me see, how was I playing my pitch shots that day? Ah, yes, it was like this, a mixture of Taylor and somebody else, and I put them pretty near the hole, too." It is a wonderful thing that a player who is, in this peculiar sense, so self-conscious, can yet play with a more entire naturalness and *abandon* than, perhaps, any other golfer. It is one of the things that makes him so interesting.



RIDING "LADIES' WAY" TO HIS WORK.

April 19th, 1924.

COUNTRY LIFE.

607



A HOME-COMING TEAM.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

DRY FEEDING.

In your issue of April 5th Mr. McCarthy has some useful notes on dry feeding. In these he states that this system, if properly conducted, possesses undoubted advantages, but that he has yet to be convinced that it is of benefit in the case of breeding sows, because sows, if allowed to help themselves *ad lib.* from dry feeders, will consume more food than is necessary to maintain themselves. For a long time now this method of feeding has been practised extensively on our farms, and experiments leave no doubt as to the efficacy for all animals. Careful experiments with all classes of pigs have been carried out, but space will not permit me to tabulate them all here. I, however, give you a few extracts which will, I hope, convince Mr. McCarthy and your readers that this system is as efficacious in the case of breeding sows as in other classes of pigs. During the months of November, December and January experiments were carried out with a number of sows, three of which—all fed differently—are given below:

(a) A free choice, unlimited ration, dry fed, Berkshire sow. She weighed 376lb. at the commencement and 387lb. at the end, actually an increase of 11lb. Her little pigs averaged 70.4lb. each on weaning.

(b) A balanced unlimited ration, dry fed, Middle White sow. She weighed 360lb. at the commencement and 356lb. at the end, losing 4lb. Her little pigs averaged 51lb. on weaning.

(c) A balanced ration, similar to (b) but wet fed three times daily with as much food as could be eaten, Middle White sow. She weighed 412lb. at the commencement and 377lb. at the end, a loss of 35lb. Her little pigs averaged 41lb. on weaning.

(a) and her little pigs on self choice food balanced their rations to 1 to 3.9, (b) and (c) rations were mixed for them deliberately in a ratio of 1 to 4. The number of pounds of food consumed to make 1lb. live weight was (a) 4.4lb., (b) 4.3lb., and (c) 4.8lb. The little pigs on (a) and (b) received, however, a much greater start in life than those on (c). While we have our sows (a) and (b) weighing at the end of the suckling period well up to their normal weight, we have to put 35lb. on to (c) before she is fit to farrow down again. A very important point in favour of the dry fed pigs.

It must be remembered that in all three cases, as with all our animals, these sows farrowed out of doors in a small wooden hut and reared their pigs out of doors. The weather was by no means good. I should, perhaps, state that a free choice ration means that a number of suitable foods were placed in separate compartments of the hoppers, and that unlimited rations mean that the hoppers were opened from between 7.30 a.m. and 8 a.m. until between 4.15 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. I shall be only too glad to give your readers any information on the subject in my power.

A. SYMONS.

HOME-MADE CHEESE: STILTON AND WENSLEYDALE OR GORGONZOLA.

As a large pig breeder I have read with considerable interest the letters in your last issues comparing the types of British pig with the foreign and stating why the imported bacon ousts our home produce in the markets. But this is only one of the by products of a dairy, and I think you might well give prominence to another old form of British industry which is also injured by the importation of inferior foreign produce. I refer to the making of home-made blue mould cheese, which, when mature, cannot be rivalled in flavour by any other cheese in the world. Since the war there has been a tendency for Wensleydale and Stilton cheese to be replaced by the foreign Gorgonzola, a poorer flavoured and in every way inferior cheese. Sometimes it is said that these cheeses can only be obtained before Christmas, but, with modern improved methods of making, Wensleydales, at any rate, are obtainable in the finest condition almost all the year round if customers will insist on having them from their grocers. In the old coaching days every reputable inn kept a good English-made cheese on the table, which was fully appreciated by all comers. To-day an infinitely poorer cheese, which is not even colonial, but foreign, is offered at the best hotels. The Milk Publicity Council, whose object is the encouragement of the use of fresh clean milk and its products, will have an attractive stand at Wembley where all makes of British cheese will be on view and where small quantities may be bought for trial.—A. R.

TWIN HEIFER CALVES.

It may interest your correspondent to hear of what I believe to be a perfectly authentic case, which happened about three miles from here (Taunton, Somerset), some years ago.

A cow presented her owner with twin heifer calves five times in succession, and all ten calves, on reaching maturity, bred, and proved good milkers.

One of my own cows had twin heifer calves about three or four years ago and both are now mothers and are excellent milkers. I know of no case of mixed twins.

W. O. E. MEADE-KING.

GOOD PRICES FOR MIDDLE WHITE PIGS.

At the third annual sale of Middle White pigs from the herd of Major W. Llewellyn Palmer and Viscount Lewisham, Canterbury, held recently, 89 animals realised the highly satisfactory total of £2,374 1s. od., or an average price per head of nearly £27. The highest price was 90 guineas, paid by Dr. T. L. Bonar, Aylesford, Kent, for a fifteen-months old sow, while in several instances animals made more than 60 guineas each.

THE SOJA BEAN IN FRANCE.

In France this plant (*Glycine Soja*) has long been neglected. Recent trials, however, have proved that it can be grown successfully in gardens of northern countries. Everything depends on the selection of suitable varieties. In England the history of soja is not known. In France it was introduced about the middle of the eighteenth century through missionaries residing in China. In that country, as well as in Japan, we know that nowadays the plant is much cultivated and has given rise to many varieties. It is, in fact, the "bean" of those places. Many products, a few of which will be

mentioned, are manufactured from the seeds of the plant in those parts of the world. Soja remained the apanage of botanic gardens for quite a long time; it is only since 1850, and particularly in the last few years, that the Société d'Acclimatation de Paris took the matter of its dissemination in hand.

BOTANICAL CHARACTER.

The soja bean is a member of the leguminosæ, and a close relation to the bean of our gardens. It differs from it in all its green parts being densely pubescent, in its microscopic flowers, and in some other details. Like it, its stature is very variable, according to the varieties, from 1ft. in the case of early kinds to 3ft., 4ft. or 5ft. in the case of forage plants. The seeds are rounded like peas or elongated like beans, and of most varied colouring, often spotted. The great particularity of these seeds is their high nutritive value, which has caused them often to be referred to as "vegetable meat." The seeds of beans, peas and lentils, considered to be the most nutritious of our European vegetables, contain only 14 to 16 per cent. of azote and 2 to 3 per cent. of fatty matters, whereas those of soja have been found to contain respectively 38 per cent. of the former and 18 per cent. of the latter. I have heard it said that, during the war, owing to this property, soja under different forms was sent to unfortunate prisoners of war in danger of starvation.

PRACTICAL USES OF THE BEAN.

This high nutritive power has caused the plant to be used for many purposes. We admit that in some instances exaggeration has played not an inconsiderable part in its renown. Still, the fact remains that soja figures among the most important crops of the world. It is sent to our European ports in large quantities for industrial purposes, and therefore an enumeration of some of its uses may prove interesting.

CULINARY USES.

In China and Japan soja forms a kind of national food for the people. The poor eat it cooked in rudimentary fashion, the rich associate it with all kinds of delicacies. An important use of soja in those countries is in the manufacture of a vegetable milk, obtained by maceration, crushing and filtration of the seeds. This is used as animal milk, especially for the making of a cheese called "To Fu," of a whitish appearance. This cheese is sold in small cheap lumps in the streets of many towns, either raw or fried in an oil made from soja, and in the latter case much appreciated by the poorer classes. Many kinds of sauces, soups, dishes, etc., and even drinks, are also made with soja in Eastern countries.

Experiments have proved that a kind of jam, recalling chestnut jam, can be made which is quite palatable. The seeds also, after being artificially germinated, give, it is claimed, a very choice salad; and the embryos only, fried in butter, have been considered a high-class dish in certain fashionable modern restaurants. It has been proved since, however, that these embryos were in reality those of *Phaseolus Mungo*, the Mungo bean.

The flour of soja, too, can be used with advantage, in the making of cakes, biscuits, etc., and constitutes a very nourishing food. As everyone knows, soja is the best food for people suffering from diabetes, and a special bread, poor in starch, is made from it for these sufferers. Tins of seeds specially prepared, with no salt, can also be had ready for consumption, at chemists' shops for the use of the same people.

USES FOR FORAGE.

The soja bean can be grown successfully as forage for cattle and used either in a fresh or in a dry condition. In the latter case it is important to cut it before the vegetation is too far advanced, the best time being when the young pods of the plant are nearly, but not quite, fully developed. Cattle, it is said, like this most nutritious forage. The yield is very satisfactory under favourable conditions, especially in warm countries. In the United States, notably in southern districts, soja is now being much grown in that way, and, of course, particular varieties are selected. The farmer can, equally, use the soja in the form of flour, crushed or cooked seeds, oilcakes, etc., for his cattle.

GREEN MANURING USES.

Soja constitutes an excellent green manure, very rich in azote, as are most leguminous plants. For that purpose it is sown late in the season and turned in just before frosts occur.

INDUSTRIAL USES.

From soja seeds, by pressure and the use of solvents, a brown oil of good quality is made that is used in China for culinary purposes; in Europe, for the manufacture of margarine, soap, etc., and serves as a substitute for linseed oil in the painting trades. It is the fabrication of this oil that gives rise to the great traffic of seeds at some European ports already referred to. A second illustration of soja in industry is the production of caseine, used extensively in manufacture of papers, coatings, etc. The caseine of soja, when treated in a special fashion, gives, under the name of "Sojalite," a product very similar to celluloid, but claimed to be devoid of most of the defects of this substance. As may be seen, the different uses of soja are indeed numerous, and yet we have passed over many more or less fancy ones.

CULTIVATION AND VARIETIES.

The methods of culture of the soja are about the same as for the bean. The sowing should be made as early as possible after the soil is warm in May. Plenty of room and good soil are essential. Shale, on the other hand, is very detrimental. Rows 2ft. or 2½ft. across and plants 1ft. or 15ins. apart in the row are good distances. The top soil ought frequently to be tilled, to keep it warm, up to the end of June, when ridges should be formed 6ins. high covering the base of the plants. The period of vegetation, which is long, does not permit a harvest before the end of September. In fact, this is the great drawback of the plant. Most of the varieties cultivated in China and Japan do not ripen properly or even at all in our climate. Early varieties are, it is true, limited in numbers, and their produce is probably less plentiful than with later kinds, but with them one is at least safe.

The best all-round variety for culinary purposes under the Paris climate is, in my opinion, the variety Tokyo Noir, sold by Vilmorin-Andrieux of Paris, which has big black seeds, ripens fully every year

and gives quite a satisfactory product as regards quality and quantity. It has given, so far, the best results in trials. A number of other varieties can also be tried that have given quite fair satisfaction : Mandchu, yellow seeds ; Sangora, brown seeds ; Mandarin, yellow and brown seeds ; Oyachi, yellow seeds ; Ota Shan, yellow and brown seeds ;

Yoshioka Chiuriu, green and black seeds, the last one very dwarf and early, but not very productive, etc. Outside these the amateur will be wise to be very careful, as he might promptly be discouraged with late maturing varieties that would give him plenty of foliage but no crop at all.

CH. L.

THE DABASIE N MOUNTAINS

BY CAPTAIN W. D. M. BELL.



THE EXTINCT VOLCANO KNOWN AS DABASI.

NORTH of Mount Elgon there lies, in a huge open plain, a remarkable-looking extinct volcano known to the natives of those parts as Dabasi and to our map-makers as the Dabasien range—in this case a much nearer approximation to the native name than very many map names bear. With the exception of a few foothills, the gaunt and precipitous walls of the old crater spring abruptly from the plain, forming a semicircle, the remaining crater walls having possibly been blown away at the time of the great upheaval or, perhaps, they have crumbled away since. However that may be, it is only when the traveller, skirting the western bases, comes to a narrow opening in the hills that he realises that it is an old volcano. For now he looks into a huge arena "glowered" over by precipices on the far side and contained by densely wooded hills on either hand. The floor of the arena is level and grows extraordinarily luxuriant grass in the wet season, 8ft. or 10ft. high, but early in the dry season it is a grey ash-strewn level plain. Down through the middle of the plain wanders a clear-water stream, while the level is dotted with huge ant-heap mounds, some of them 15ft. high.

When I first came suddenly on the opening and looked into the arena I thought what a delightful bit of country. I longed to possess it, to build my home up on one of the dark green hills overlooking it, to irrigate it, and to have oranges and other fruit growing in abundance. With water available and the richest of soils, almost anything could be grown. Its real use to me—a hunter—did not strike me at the time of my first visit. It was the middle of the dry season, and all the tall grass had been burned off, not only there but in all the surrounding country. But, whereas outside on the open plains all was black, baked and panting for the first rains, already here, inside, the humidity of the soil was such that there was a thick carpet of short green grass. The whole level was densely crowded with hartebeeste, topi and eland, while everywhere were tracks of buffalo; but of elephant there were no signs.

Camping by the stream, our donkeys and cattle were soon stuffing themselves with the sweet grass, while I entered to have a look round and to shoot some meat for the boys. Before long I had a couple of fat eland down and left them being cut up. As I carried on towards the forest-clad slopes across the crater floor I saw some smoke high up on the mountain side. On enquiry, when in camp again, I was told that these fires were made by the Dabasi. These people were of the same tribe of mountaineers as that inhabiting Elgon. They never descended to the plains except to cross the intervening thirty miles to Elgon, and that only at night. They were bad people and killed one with poisoned arrows on sight, according to Karamojans.

On approaching the forest-clad sides, buffalo tracks ran into buffalo runs, all entering the woods. In the woods themselves there were innumerable elephant paths. I was astounded at the elephant traffic, and wondered where they all were now, for there were no fresh traces of them. I skirted round, perhaps

a quarter of the circle, and found the sun dipping. But everywhere I went there was a maze of elephant paths running from the level floor up into the wooded hills. While hurrying home to camp I resolved to find out from Pyjalé at what season of the year elephant came to this place, for I could not doubt that when they came they came in great numbers.

In the dusk I came quietly upon a few buffalo just as they emerged from the now black forest, while others could be heard inside the woods. Not wishing to fire, I sheered off slightly to pass them. They saw me almost immediately, but as the direction of the wind prevented them from scenting me, they simply stood staring at what to them must have been some queer khaki-coloured animal. These buffalo had, probably, never been fired at, and never moved while I passed them at about 40yds.

That night, while sitting in my pyjamas by the camp fire, Pyjalé asked me to kill a bull buffalo for him, as he wanted the hide for a shield. I asked him how many shields could be cut from one hide. He said that only the thickest parts were good for shields, and that, consequently, only four full-sized shields would be got. But the rest of the skin would make first-rate sandals. I explained to Pyjalé that I had seen signs of great elephant traffic, but all old. Where were all the elephants now? Pointing to the east, he said they were all down in the swamps, but that as soon as the grass grew 2ft. or 3ft. high they would return to the old crater, and that then no man could approach it, so densely packed would it be with elephant. I asked him if they never came before that time, not even an old bull or so. Then he told me that the woods surrounding our little plain were never quite without elephant. I told him that I had seen no fresh tracks or signs. Pyjalé smiled and said he would show me in the morning. Although much older and wiser than I, he invariably called me Baba (father), which at first rather annoyed me. But never would he call me Bwana (Mister) as the boys did.

After this conversation silence fell on the little circle. The cool air, the brilliant sky and the splendid moonlight of an African dry-season night surrounded us. Everyone stared into the fire.

Presently Pyjalé began to go to bed. First he levelled the lumps on the piece of ground where he proposed to lie. That done, he laid his two spears beside the site and lay down, completely naked as he was. As he reclined more and more backward his wooden pillow swung round on its string. Shifting the little hollowed-out top of it to its position under the ear, there he was, turned in. The other boys built themselves elaborate grass mattresses to lie on and covered themselves with blankets. But nothing of that sort for spartan Pyjalé. So high are the legs of these little pillows that when you first see a native asleep on his back you would swear that he was in the act of rising. After a little while, as I was about to go to my comfortable camp-bed, Pyjalé turned to me. I had

heard nothing, but I knew that he had. I also knew that he had heard elephant. What cared we for anything else. Then he pointed in the direction my evening stroll had taken me. And then I, too, heard the deep low rumble of elephant, the sound that so delights the hunter's heart—his sweetest music.

In the bright cool morning we were off, breakfastless, of course, across the level green of the crater bottom. First Pyjalé, then I, with the little rifle, followed by a Karamojan boy carrying my food, a calabash of milk. As we approached the wooded sides, with their rocky and precipitous tops, the western walls of the old crater looked simply grand. And away up high could be seen the tiny smoke columns of the mountain folk. All about us hartebeeste and topi were playing, while the more sedate eland stood staring like cattle on a western ranch. Buffalo had already taken to the shady woods.

First we skirted the woods, cutting diagonally innumerable buffalo and elephant runs, every eye darting glances right and left for fresh elephant spoor. At this time of year the ground is so hard that the soft-padded foot of an elephant leaves no trace except there be some dust or sand. Here the corrugations of the sole imprint themselves, but when the wind rises the loose shifting particles soon fill them up and all is level once more. Then, again, the passage of game is often so frequent on these paths as to obliterate completely, by hoof marks alone, the tracks of a single elephant. The height of the dry season is, of all times, the pleasantest in which to hunt but the most difficult in which track.

By nine o'clock, sun-time, we were half way round the crater and where the stream entered the plain after its rocky tumble from the heights. I had a pull at the calabash and, half emptying it, handed it to Pyjalé. He likewise took a good share and the dregs went to his satellite. We were now fed and watered for the day. Should hunger again press us before our return to camp, a small buck would soon relieve it.

Somewhere on the soft banks of the stream we would certainly find the tracks of the owner of the rumble we had heard last night. If we could only follow them and hold them sufficiently long in the maze of game runs, we would as certainly see or hear him. Up-stream we went then, and came almost instantly on a wart-hog rolling in mud, coating himself against flies in the midday siesta. We were now in high bush (forest) with a lot of troublesome undergrowth making visibility about ten or fifteen yards. Colobus monkeys were numerous, peering down at us through the leafy tops like so many old be-whiskered and rather cross-looking butlers. Entering a little swampy opening, there lay about the centre of it the mud-bespattered patch surrounding an elephant's bath.

To the inexperienced eye it appeared not to have been used recently, for almost all the mud was dry. But a mere glance at it brought a smile to Pyjalé's face. So dry is the air at this time that even in shade quite bulky chunks of mud dry up in no time. Without a word we took up the trail.

For several monotonous hours now it was a matter of advancing step by step, with halts innumerable and castings round. Up and up we mounted into deeper, darker and moister forest. The baffling maze of game runs eased off the farther we went, until we would follow the same one for several hundred yards before meeting another either converging into or diverging from it. The sun was well up, it was noon now, but we hardly



PYJALÉ PUSHED ASIDE SOME GREENERY, DISCLOSING THE GREAT BULK OF THE BROADSIDE ELEPHANT.

felt its rays. Flies were much less numerous. Our quarry was single and a big one, by his feet, and would be silently dosing somewhere about in the dense shade. We must go cautiously.

Usually, I liked to be ahead at about this stage of the proceedings, but on this occasion Pyjalé was still leading when he halted easily, pushed gently aside some greenery, disclosing to me over his left shoulder the great bulk of a broadside elephant with another immediately beyond him. There they stood, silent and absolutely motionless, like some long-dead and stuffed prehistoric monsters. The mossy appearance of the near one's head denoted great age. Not a quiver of the gigantic ears nor a flick of a tail denoted life, only the little triangle of the white of the eye kept elongating or flattening as the comparatively tiny eye—it is a good deal bigger than an ox's—roamed over us. Just as motionless stood Pyjalé. Without a glance in my direction, he awaited with equal indifference the muzzle-blast from my rifle in his left earhole and the antics of the elephant a bare six paces in front of him.

This description dwells and may give the impression that we also dwelt; but, in reality, by the time Pyjalé's right arm had

finished pushing aside the covering greenery my rifle had already sent its bullet to the brain of the nearest elephant, and almost before it had reached the kneeling position I was past Pyjalé, obtaining in that swift moment an oblique heart-shot at the now retreating second elephant. Not feeling quite certain of this latter shot, I barged clumsily, but fairly fast, along after him, and was quite close to his stern when he halted before toppling over. It was a day when all went well. The ivory was huge, the camp near, shade, firewood and water plentiful, boys well fed and happy. And, above all, I had Pyjalé.

I had meant to tell of my elephant drive in the old crater bed, but so fast travels my pen when telling of those happy days that the space is already full. It must keep for another occasion.



BUFFALO EMERGING FROM THE BLACK FOREST AT DUSK.

THE £450 COTTAGE



COTTAGES AT MERSTHAM, SURREY. (Paxton Watson.)

THE whole problem of housing is resolved into what can be built within a strictly defined limit of cost. In the years before the war we were discussing whether the £150 cottage was feasible. That comes at one end of the scale. At the other end are post-war cottages which have cost £1,000 and more. And at the present moment we arrive at the £450 cottage, which appears to be the cottage in the mind of Mr. Wheatley (though at the time of writing the Government's new housing proposals are not available, and consequently no details of them can be gone into).

The £1,000 cottage was the one that was built when building prices were at their peak—in 1920–21—and it seems a difficult matter to explain how the £450 cottage becomes possible to-day,

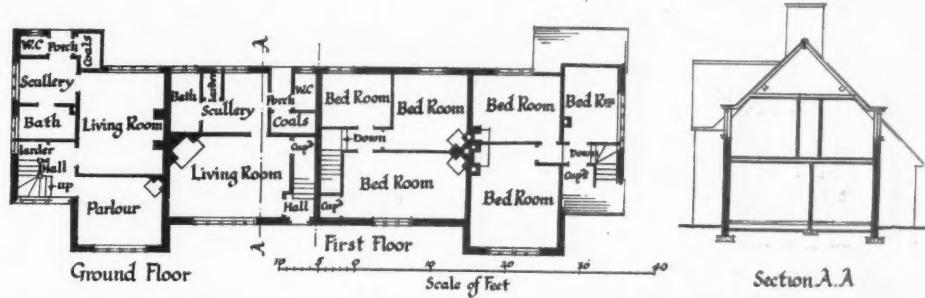
seeing that wages have not been reduced in such proportion (the figures are 2s. 3d. as against the present 1s. 7½d. per hour for skilled workers, with 2s. 1d. and 1s. 2d. respectively for labourers). Nor has the cost of materials fallen in the same ratio. As a matter of fact, within recent months there has been a rise in the price of certain materials, and generally it may be taken that on the £1,000 house there has been an all-round advance of quite £100. It is, however, wrong to suppose that even when prices were at their peak no workman's house or cottage could be built for less than £1,000.

Here is an example to the contrary, at Merstham, where, in 1920–21, the local authority built twelve cottages which worked out at £675 each. And cottages having precisely the same accommodation, structure and finish are now in course of erection for Lord Riddell on a site at Walton-on-the-Hill at a building cost ranging from £430 to £450 each: Mr. Paxton Watson being the architect in both cases.

Two photographs of the Merstham cottages are reproduced on this page, and show them to be quite pleasing. They comprise a centre block of four, with two pairs on either side, the pairs being set back so as to break the frontage line. These cottages are substantially built of multi-coloured brick, with a light mortar

joint—an important detail, inasmuch as a black joint, made with breeze, is ruinous to the effect of brickwork; and the roofs are covered with a reddish-brown tile. Casement windows are fitted, and the woodwork is stained.

A short time ago the present writer went to see these cottages, and though it seemed to him that the site on which they are placed is poor, the cottages themselves were found to be as admirable within as without. There is nothing unusual in their construction. The interior finish is with plaster and distemper, the floors are of ordinary boarding, the doors are ledged; but the architect certainly has contrived them very cunningly—this as the result of a good deal of experience of



PLANS AND SECTION OF BLOCK OF FOUR COTTAGES, WALTON-ON-THE-HILL.

These cottages, identical with those at Merstham, form part of a colony of thirty now being erected for Lord Riddell, at a cost varying from £430 to £450 each. The area of the parlour cottages is 806 ft. super., non-parlour cottages 751 ft. super.

housing. Especially to be noted is the absence of waste in passage space. The middle two cottages in the block of four are of non-parlour type, but all the others have a parlour. The non-parlour cottages let at 9s. 6d. per week, the parlour cottages at 11s. 6d. plus rates, bringing the total for the parlour cottages to about 15s. per week.

The bathroom is placed downstairs, adjoining the scullery, which, in the writer's opinion, is far the best place for it in a workman's cottage. At the end of the bath is a portable copper to provide hot water for washing clothes, and to supply the bath, it being a simple matter to ladle the hot water from the copper into the bath. We get here on the bed-rock of cheapness, so far as hot-water supply is concerned; but a more convenient arrangement is to have the copper raised up sufficiently so that the water can flow from it by gravity into the bath (as is being done in the Walton cottages); but, admittedly, every little item of this sort means extra expense.

There is an enclosed porch at the back door, with coals and w.c. opening off it, under cover. The living-room (14ft. by 11ft. in the parlour cottages) has a small range. Three bedrooms are provided upstairs, two of them having fireplaces. These bedrooms are of a fair size, and the slope of the roof does not encroach on them uncomfortably.

Altogether, these cottages at Merstham are very satisfactory, and Lord Riddell's cottages at Walton should be equally so,



BLOCK OF FOUR COTTAGES, MERSTHAM.

since they are being built to precisely the same plan. They are of particular interest at the present moment, in view of Mr. Wheatley's figure of £450. But the question is: Can housing at such a figure become an economic proposition? It is instructive to set down a few statistics. Under the provisions of the Housing and Town Planning Act, 1919, nearly 170,000 houses have been erected, at an average all-in cost of £1,040 per house, and these houses are let at an average rent of about 9s. 6d. per week, exclusive of rates. Clearly, this is far from an economic proposition. As a matter of fact, Mr. Wheatley stated in Parliament a short time ago that, even taking 100,000 houses costing £500, and let at 9s. per week, including rates, there

would be an approximate loss of £1,500,000 per annum for sixty years, "which would not necessarily all be borne by the State." Everything depends upon what is considered to be a rent that the working man can fairly pay. Perhaps some official estimate of this will be forthcoming when the Government's Bill is introduced. Meanwhile, here are these cottages at Walton which are costing not more than £450 to build; and meanwhile comes the much-criticised report of the National House Building Committee. The latter outlines a fifteen years' State programme for the erection of 2,500,000 houses "upon a basis to be agreed." The basis is that of men and money, and the men will only be got when the unions agree to dilution. R. R. P.

BRITTANY CAPS AND THEIR ORIGIN



BIGOUDENNES.
From the painting by Edouard Doignau.

ACRY of alarm is sounding through Brittany. There is the fear, among those who delight in the traditions of the country, that the picturesque caps worn by old and young may one day disappear. Pamphlets are distributed in all the villages calling on the pretty workwomen, embroiderers, needlewomen, workers in factories, workers in their homes to stay the wave of destruction, begging them to reflect before it is too late on the rage for decreasing the size of those charming *coiffes* that characterise the country and make for beauty.

Gradually every detail in the cap worn at St. Nazaire, in the Loire Inférieure, is losing its shape. Nothing remains to-day of the pretty structure of ten years ago, nothing but a kind of linen net without ornament, without elegance. The same reproach can be made to the inhabitants of Scäer, Bannalec, Yugon, St. Malo, Dinard and others, and it is to be hoped that the effort will stay this mania, as it is called by the pamphleteers, for

uglifying all that is beautiful. In a few words it can be said that the Brittany folk have gone from one extreme to the other. In the days of their grandmothers the caps were too large; at the present time they are too small. Let us hope that reasoning and coquetry will bring about the desired width and height. To-day, everything tends to show that at some non-distant period Parisian hats will replace the caps of old. With

the advent of railways and motor cars it is only natural that the peasant, no longer isolated, should seek to change her manner of dressing. The old order of the man keeping within his gates and not wishing to know the methods and manners of his neighbour may still apply to the male population; but the women look and long and wonder, and finally the first few francs saved are spent on a hat "that shows the hair." Their *coiffes* appear old-fashioned. They are moving with their times, since compulsory education has taught them so much that their mothers and grandmothers ignored.



HOW THEY WASH AT ST. BRIAC.

Let us hasten to note, while they are still among us, the caps that are so beautiful and make such a curious note in the landscape, and, above all, recall the history of this glorious land.

At Pont l'Abbé and at Quimper it is customary for the peasants to mourn their relatives by tinting their caps a brilliant yellow. Saffron is generally used for this purpose by the economically inclined, while others make a show of new mourning by ordering yellow *coiffes* as the Parisians order crêpe. The old members of the family, on the outskirts of Quimper, where the *coiffe* is more or less flat, cover it with a hood when following a funeral.

The Breton's hat is typical of the man. He is proud and distrustful; he rarely lifts his hat, and, in fact, bows with his hands in his pockets.

The most remarkable of the Brittany caps are worn at Penmarch, Pont l'Abbé and its neighbourhood. Here are groups of localities composed of several villages with the same anthropological character. Strangers are particularly struck with the natives of Pont l'Abbé and the adjoining boroughs, and it is an open question if the men and women of this district are not issues of a race foreign to Europe, brought by sea from distant shores. To look at the Bigoudennes—so-called from their strange headdress, by which the inhabitants of Pont l'Abbé are known—it is no freak of imagination to see the Mongolian type in the peculiar shape of the cheekbones. The *bigouden* is composed of a small piece of coloured material like a tight-fitting cap, often startlingly brilliant with beaded galloons, where the hair is brought to the top of the head and placed beneath a special shape of *coiffe* with an embroidered triangle in front. This embroidery is supposed to be inspired by the symbolical design in the cult of the moon, Astarte.

In the olden days *coiffes* were stitched by tailors; and it must be remembered that the history of the Brittany people is a record of strife and wars; therefore, the tailor's trade was considered a woman's occupation and looked down upon accordingly. "For men must fight and women must sew" is the Breton adaptation of the famous lines of the song wherein they "work" and "weep." It was a common phrase in use, when a tailor was asked his mode of living: "Je suis tailleur, sauf votre respect." Tailors were treated like pariahs for centuries, dating from the time when a sedentary occupation was considered a disgrace for a man, like all physical inferiority. It must be assumed that the marriage-maker's was also a low calling, as it was undertaken by tailors. But they came into their own at the weddings, where they played the next important part to the bride and bridegroom, and were allowed to drink as much as they could carry.

A curious record of the Brittany cap comes from the battle of Hastings, where the Bretons took an active part, when the Seigneurs of Fougères, Dinan, Bruc and Château-Giron looked forward to rich marriages and stately domains on the land conquered by the Normans. "At the break of day, on the 27th of September, 1066, the camp was on foot, and a few hours before sunset the entire fleet was ready to embark. Four hundred ships with big sails, and more than a thousand transport boats left the shores, to the sound of trumpets and immense cheers from sixty thousand throats," is the account of the start of this expedition by Augustin Thierry.

A YOUTH FROM BRITTANY, WHERE THEY BOW WITH HANDS IN POCKETS.

on the land conquered by the Normans. "At the break of day, on the 27th of September, 1066, the camp was on foot, and a few hours before sunset the entire fleet was ready to embark. Four hundred ships with big sails, and more than a thousand transport boats left the shores, to the sound of trumpets and immense cheers from sixty thousand throats," is the account of the start of this expedition by Augustin Thierry.

To return to the caps and the record. In an old Anglo-Saxon manuscript, published by Echaw, there is a reproduction of a miniature wherein we see a labourer, his plough and his wife, the latter wearing a hooded cap with a curtain; that is the origin of the Auray *coiffe* as seen on the old peasant whose photograph is published here. An Anglo-Saxon rhyme telling of the first lord of Cognisby arriving from Brittany in the newly conquered land is a gem:

William de Cognisby
Came out of Britany
With his wife Tiffany,
And his maide Manfas,
And his dogg Hardigras.

Isn't it delightful?

The pretty cap from Pont-Aven is in accordance with this most paintable of spots. Throughout the country each cap has a history or a meaning. In the Morbihan many of the caps recall the monasteries and the monks. They have also the characteristics of the druidical stones of Carnac.

FRANCES KEYZER.



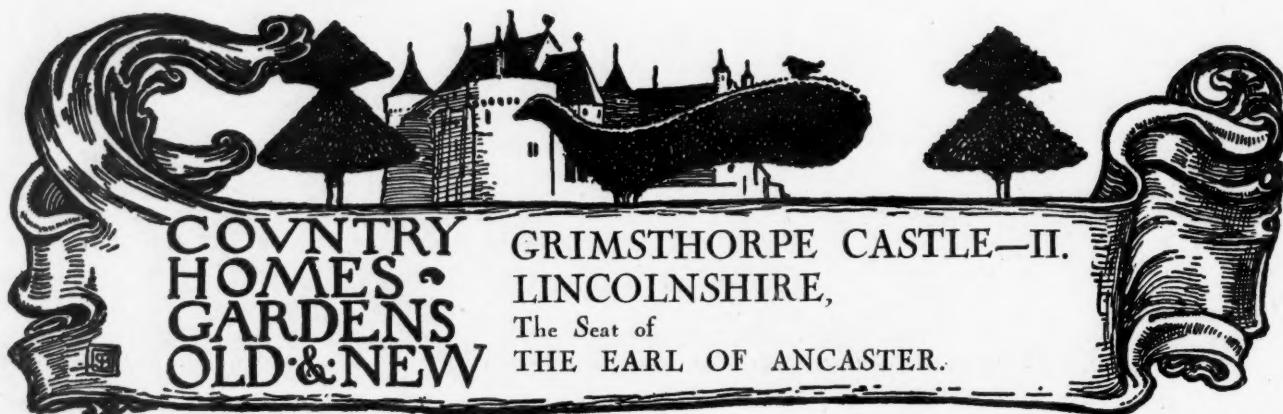
RESEMBLING A MONK'S COWL.



THE ECCLESIASTICAL AIR OF THE PLOUGASTEL CAP.



THE AURAY CAP, TO BE SEEN IN AN ELEVENTH CENTURY MANUSCRIPT.



THE hall at Grimsthorpe may be taken as Vanbrugh's most characteristic interior. Roman amphitheatres may have given him the suggestion for it, but it is an original conception from floor to ceiling. As true architecture should do, this part of Grimsthorpe grew from the plan. The hall, then the screens and staircases at either end correspond exactly to the grouping of the façade encasing them, while the dining-room and undercroft take up one flanking wing, and a chapel two storeys of the other.

In the custom of the day, Vanbrugh intended this to be the entrance hall, so the principal door gives directly into it. This alone is sufficient to suggest that it was summer when Arthur Younge visited the place in 1769 and thought that "the house is very convenient." The present entrance has been contrived in the undercroft of the dining-room wing, formerly the servants' hall (Fig. 3). The peculiarly flat span

of the vaulting should be noticed, which gives an unusual effect of "head room." Vanbrugh was an adept at vaults. He built his Haymarket Theatre on vaults, which he let, the rent being a useful subsidiary source of income when his plays, or the opera, happened, as they did frequently, not to be paying. In this entrance hall are a set of fourteen admirable hall chairs, of cream arabesqued in brown and gold, the Bertie crest filling the solid back panel.

At either end of the great hall, which is entered by a passage from the undercroft, are double screens of arches, connecting the fenestration scheme of the side walls, and separating two double staircases from the hall proper. This type of hall, with two rows of arches round the walls and stairs contained in a screen, was used at Blenheim in a rudimentary form. In the year previous to making out these designs, and after his work at Seton Delaval, Vanbrugh was working at Audley End. This, unhappily, involved the destruction of three of the wings, the responsibility for which cannot rest wholly, if at all, with Sir John, who, not long before, had offered to buy the Holbein gate, to Westminster Palace, with his own money to save it from destruction. At Audley End, Vanbrugh had to enlarge the great hall by destroying the south, or dais, end, where he placed, instead, a screen of three arches, like those at Grimsthorpe, communicating with a double flight of stairs running up the outer walls and uniting at the first floor. Here the stairs, instead of running up the outside walls, are adjusted to the broader but much shorter space. Thus Grimsthorpe, Audley End and Seton are related to one another, Grimsthorpe being the fullest development of the idea.

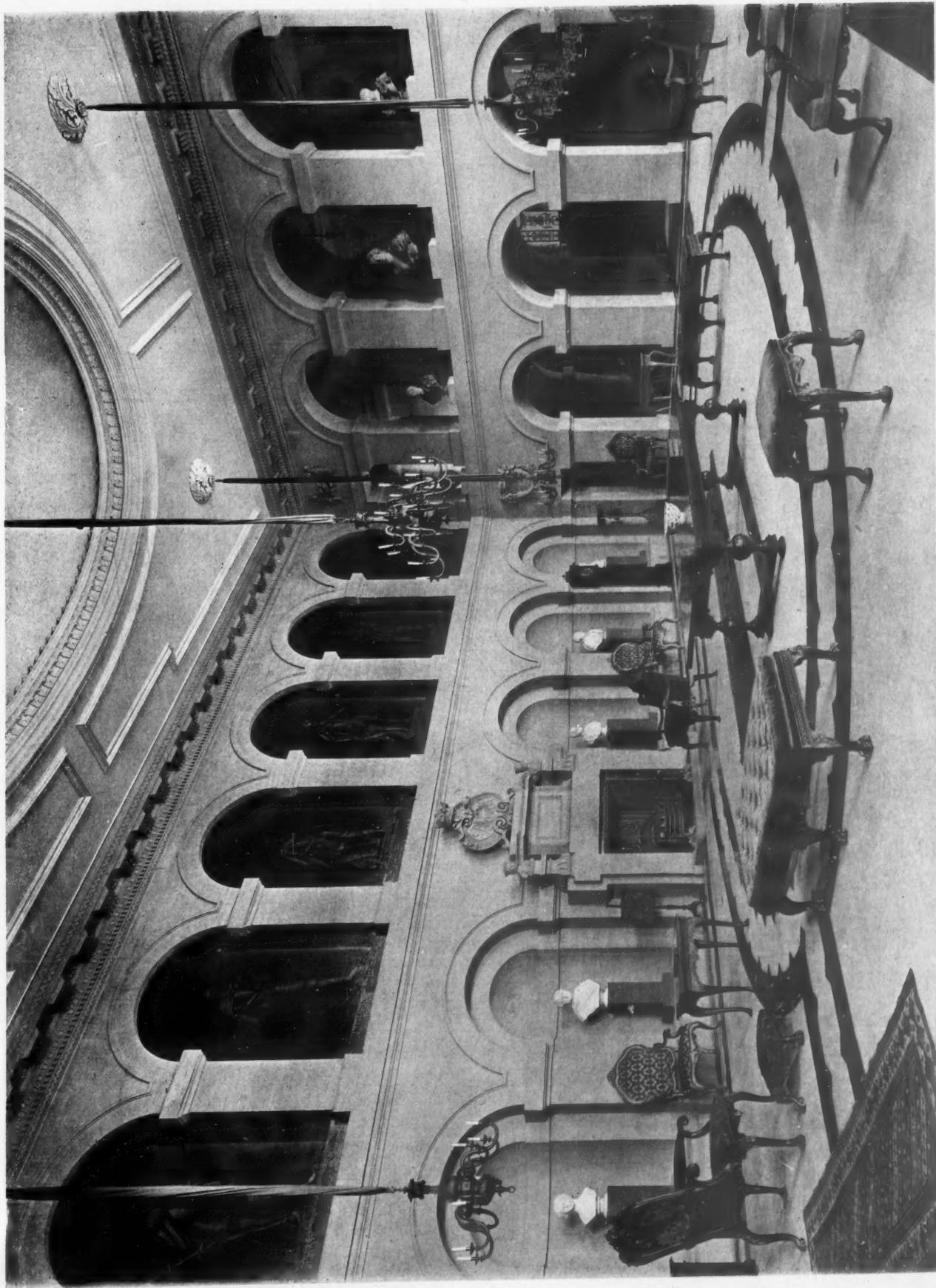
History does not relate who was Vanbrugh's assistant on the spot, like Hawksmore, Wakefield or Etty elsewhere. Whoever he was, he does not appear to have exercised any influence, so that Grimsthorpe is particularly characteristic of Vanbrugh.

Both at Grimsthorpe and at Seton the walls are arcaded in two tiers, and left bare. At Seton, however, the upper tier of niches was filled with real stucco figures of the Arts, while at Grimsthorpe they contain grisaille paintings of monarchs, in imitation of statuary. These monarchs actually represent William I, Edward III, Henry V and, over the chimneypiece, George I; then William III, Henry VIII and Henry VII; the monarchs



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I.—THE OUTSIDE OF THE HALL AND CHAPEL. "COUNTRY LIFE."

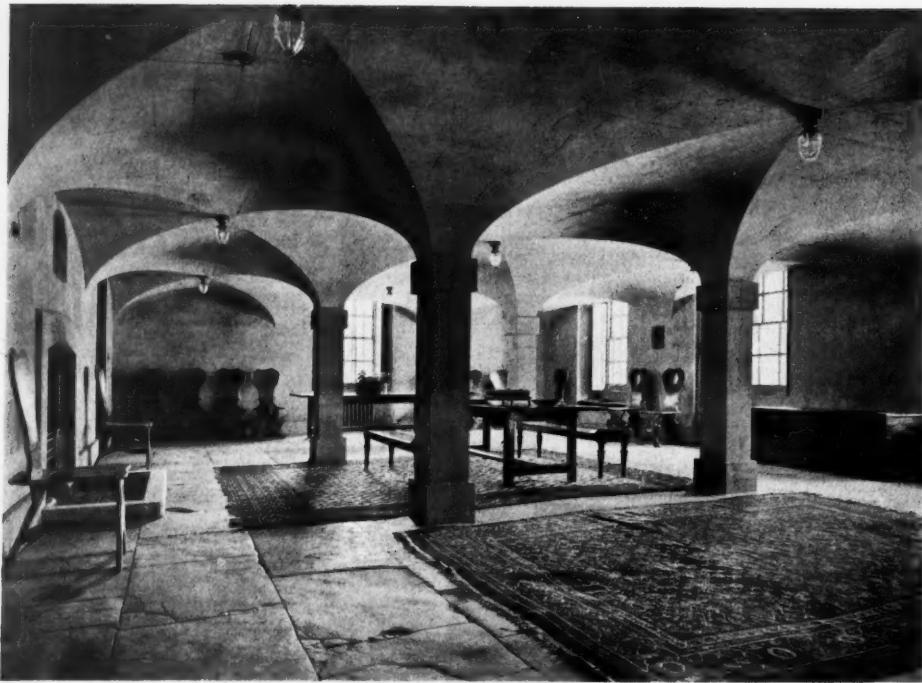


2.—SIR JOHN VANBRUGH'S HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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April 19th, 1924.



3.—VAULTING UNDER THE DINING-ROOM: ADAPTED AS AN ENTRANCE HALL.
The chairs painted in gold and brown on cream, with the Bertie arms.



Copyright. 4.—ONE OF THE STAIRCASES AT EACH END OF THE HALL. "C.L."

to whom the family of Wiloughby are chiefly indebted.

As a form of decoration these panels have darkened too much to tone in, as they were intended to do, with the beautiful creamy stone walls. When Vanbrugh found a fine stone available, he was artist enough to let its subtle gradations of colour and marking be his only mural decoration apart from architectural features. Such features are the cornice—a fine piece of enrichment similar to the external one—the niches, the bold clean moulding of which it is a joy to look at, and the chimneypiece. Here, again, we are reminded of the affinity in Vanbrugh's work to that of the traditional architects of Charles I's time. In writing of Seton Delaval it was shown how Vanbrugh may have actually met Huntingdon Smithson, descendant of that remarkable group of Midland architects who continued, in more architectural manner, the traditions and decorative *motifs* of the sixteenth century, mixed with a certain amount of the French and Flemish. In this chimneypiece we cannot point to any single feature and say "this is English tradition." But its form recalls the Smithsons, as the plinths supporting the crest are reminiscent of Marot, the furniture designer of the late seventeenth century.

Among the subsidiary architectural features admitted by Vanbrugh into this restrained yet monumental scheme may be mentioned the cartouches at the side of the end walls; consisting of swags or festoons, they are none the less typical of their designer. Particularly attractive is the cartouche where two cherubs' heads support a festoon on which rests a ducal coronet, a form of the coupled *putti* so often used by Gibbons and Wren. Such pieces of conventionalised ornament mark the transition from Gibbons to Kent.

As the walls respond to one another, so the floor and ceiling are brought as a chorus. In the former a great oval path of flags with two borders of polished black marble, in the ceiling a huge oval cove draw the whole design together. The paving of the central oval of the floor, moreover, radiates from a vast flagstone in the very middle. The "path," too, is connected with the central feature of each wall by other short, straight paths, just as the moulding of the ceiling repeats the pattern aloft. The dimensions of this superb space are 40ft. broad and 110ft. long.

The furniture of the hall is largely of the period. It is a difficult area to inhabit, and usually a carpet partially covers the bare stone of the floor. A highly interesting piece is the



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5.—CEILING, FLOOR AND ARCADES ARE DESIGNED AS A UNITY.

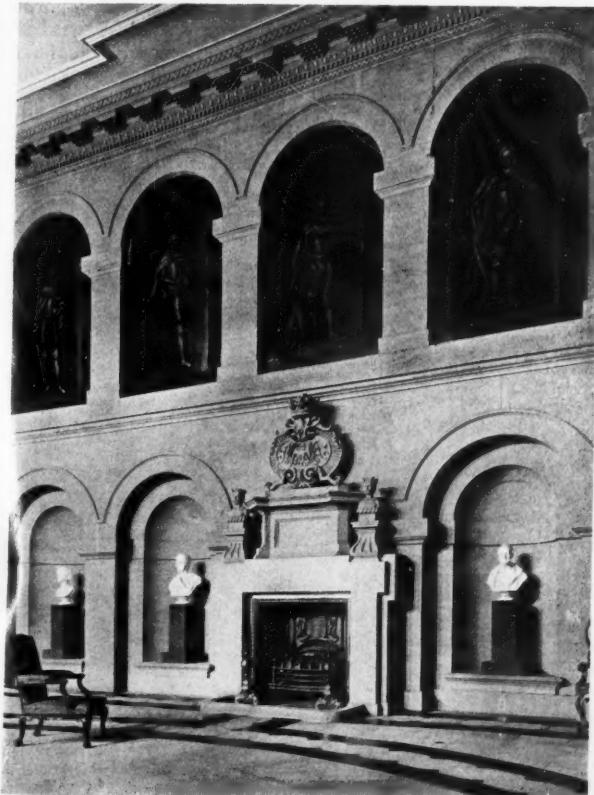
The stone is rich cream-coloured; the paintings, of kings, dark brown.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

double writing table of walnut, seen in the top right-hand corner in Fig. 5, reputed to have belonged to Sir Robert Walpole.

At either end of the hall a double dividing staircase with balustrade of finely wrought iron leads up to a tremendous

Doric portal (Fig. 4). The ceilings of these spaces are painted with mythological scenes, each in a great oval, and Laguerre's " Battles of the Duke of Marlborough " adorn the walls. These doors and stairs are extraordinarily effectively



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6.—THE CHIMNEYPEICE.



7.—BENEATH A GALLERY.

"C.L."



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8.—FROM THE CHAPEL GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



9.—THE CHARACTER OF THE ORNAMENT RESEMBLES THAT OF CHARLES II PERIOD.

massed, and give complete satisfaction to the eye.

To the west of the hall is the chapel, occupying the ground and first floor of the flanking wing, and lit from three sides, a gallery occupying the fourth. The walls are very highly decorated with stucco, much of which resembles the plasterwork of Charles II's period in richness. The pulpit, the reredos, the demi-urns fixed against the wall are all worthy of attention. The whole does not show Vanbrugh in a particularly chastened mood. More recently, Mr. S. T. Aveling has introduced some appropriate pews and benches, purely Carolean in treatment. In the gallery a stucco chimneypiece occupies one end wall, while the splendid Zurbaran "Benjamin," of heroic size, which one remembered well from the Spanish exhibition at Burlington House two or three years ago, occupied the other end, till he was removed to the long gallery—a more convenient, if less impressive, setting for him. It may be mentioned here that two illustrated articles on the very fine and little known collection of pictures at Grimsby will shortly appear in these pages.

The state dining-room occupies the position corresponding to the chapel at the other end of the hall, though on the first floor only. Chapel and hall are essentially of their period, but in the dining-room we begin to find the compromising touch of time and habitation. The shell is Vanbrugh's: the splendid Venetian window, high in the north wall, and the setting of Thornhill's ceiling, where the mouldings and spandrel spaces are painted to represent plasterwork.

To begin with the original fittings. The doors are remarkable, since they are constructed of mahogany overlaid with other woods. The panels of mahogany have a fine inlaid triple reeding of holly or some light wood, while the raised portions are veneered with walnut. The imposts and lintels, made of deal, are overlaid with mahogany. At this date, about 1725, mahogany was still something of a rarity, and, though increasingly used in furniture, it is extremely uncommon in doors till several years later. In our account of Seton Delaval we noticed the excitement felt by the carpenter at setting up mahogany wainscot at about this period. He had clearly never met the wood before. A few years later Sir Robert Walpole imported huge quantities for Houghton, after which it became the fashion. The ceiling representing the assembled Muses, Arts and Sciences, with Athene and Time, is a very fine example

indeed of Sir John Thornhill's work. There is something of Tiepolo's vigour about it; and, though it has the disadvantage, in a ceiling, of being painted to be looked at from one side of the room only, it is enabled, thereby, to be a better picture. The modelling and drawing of some of the figures in the foreground are admirable, notably of the group in the left centre (Fig. 12). The idea of continuing the design in an oval may have been taken from some of the work of the Riccis, who were working in England a few years earlier.

The chimneypiece is somewhat later than Vanbrugh's time, though one is inclined to consider it as one of the forerunners of rococo in England. Carved in the local stone, it is exceptionally delicate, and is closely related to the chimneypiece in the state drawing-room, which we shall illustrate next week. Both are unusual in having scenes depicted not only on the central plaque, but also in the spaces on either side of it. The scenes here—fishing and riding, with a symbolical group on the plaque, and birds in the tops of the imposts—may not improbably be derived from France *via* Germany, which was one of the first centres of rococo. The Hanoverian Court in England tended to such tastes, and the Dukes of Lancaster were very much in the Royal circle at this date. The six wall girandoles, brought in 1847 from the House of Lords, are most interesting and uncommon examples of the work of William Kent's period. The copper urns on the console table, mounted in ormolu, formerly stood on the stairs of the Palace of Prince Charles of Lorraine in Brussels. The chairs, modern reproductions by Messrs. Keeble, are not quite so happy as might be hoped, since their light design and part gilding are not strong enough for the massiveness and vigour all around them.

The tapestries are a set of mythological scenes, representing Apollo and the Muses, Neptune, Flora and Diana, woven at Brussels by Albert Awerx. He—as Mr. W. G. Thomson tells me—entered the Brussels factories in 1657 and by 1707 was controlling seven looms. His chief works are a set of about twenty "Scenes from the Life of Count Guillaume Raymond of Moncade," now in the Vienna State Collection. In co-operation with the famous William Van Leefdael he produced "The History of St. Paul" and the beautiful set of "Diana Hunting," recently in the possession of the late Mr. Kennedy Jones.

Among the notable pieces of furniture here are three chairs of State from the House of Lords—large, massive, gilt, and crimson velvet upholstered. One was used by George III from 1803-10, one by the Prince Regent, 1811-20, and another

by the same gentleman at his coronation banquet. They come here as the perquisites of the Lord Great Chamberlain on those occasions—an office which has gone with the Willoughby de Eresby title since the first Earl of Lindsey (as he afterwards became) established his claim to it in right of his mother, daughter of Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford. Among other trophies so obtained may be included a remarkably large grandfather clock, some 10ft. 8ins. high, the movements by Francis Robinson (before 1726). This is the clock that, on the authority of Vulliamy, stopped at the hour of George III's death—on January 29th, 1820. It now stands on the west stairs in the great hall. The picture over the chimneypiece—a magnificent



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10.—THE DINING-ROOM CHIMNEYPEICE.
Superbly carved in local stone.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Lawrence's unfinished "Lady Willoughby de Eresby."

Lawrence, all the finer, perhaps, for being unfinished—represents Clementina Sarah Drummond, Lady Willoughby de Eresby, born 1809, and great-grandmother of the present Earl of Ancaster.

We mentioned last week the design in "Vitruvius Britannicus," by Vanbrugh, for the rebuilding of the whole house. On page 620 is reproduced the plan, from which it will be seen that he retained the courtyard form. The garden front would have had a portico, with a gallery running along the courtyard side of it, as there was, and is, in the existing building. From the extreme poverty of the elevations, especially the insipid

April 19th, 1924.



11.—BRUSSELS TAPESTRY OF FLORA (A. AUWERX). KENT PERIOD WALL LIGHTS.



12.—THORNHILL'S CEILING: THE MUSES, ARTS AND SCIENCES.

13.—MAHOGANY VENEERED DOORS.
IN THE DINING-ROOM.

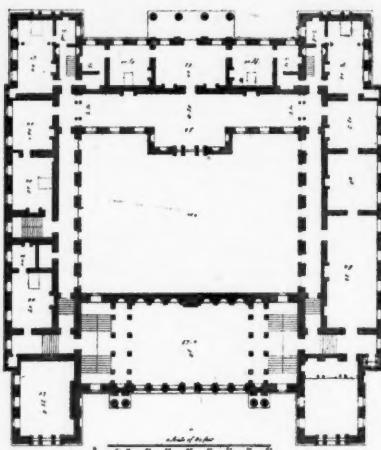
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"COUNTRY LIFE."

Palladian garden front, we cannot accept them as Vanbrugh's. Most likely, he roughed out the main lines of this plan, detailing the gallery, perhaps; and when Campbell wished to insert them in the last volume of his book, published in 1725, Vanbrugh was ill, and Campbell had to complete both plan and elevations himself.

Last week we roughly indicated the descent of Grimsthorpe from the time when it was given by Henry VIII to the tenth Lord Willoughby de Eresby on the occasion of his marrying Mary de Salines, cousin and attendant to Catharine of Aragon.

When Lord Willoughby died in 1526, Katharine, his orphan heiress who was to have so chequered and renowned a life, was entrusted to the guardianship of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and eventually became his fourth wife. Her predecessor had been Mary Tudor, widow of Louis XII of France. Married at sixteen, she was left a widow at twenty-five with two sons, and resided at Grimsthorpe. Later, when her two brilliant sons, who had been playfellows of Prince Edward, went to Cambridge, she lived there to be near them, until, in 1551, both died of the sweating

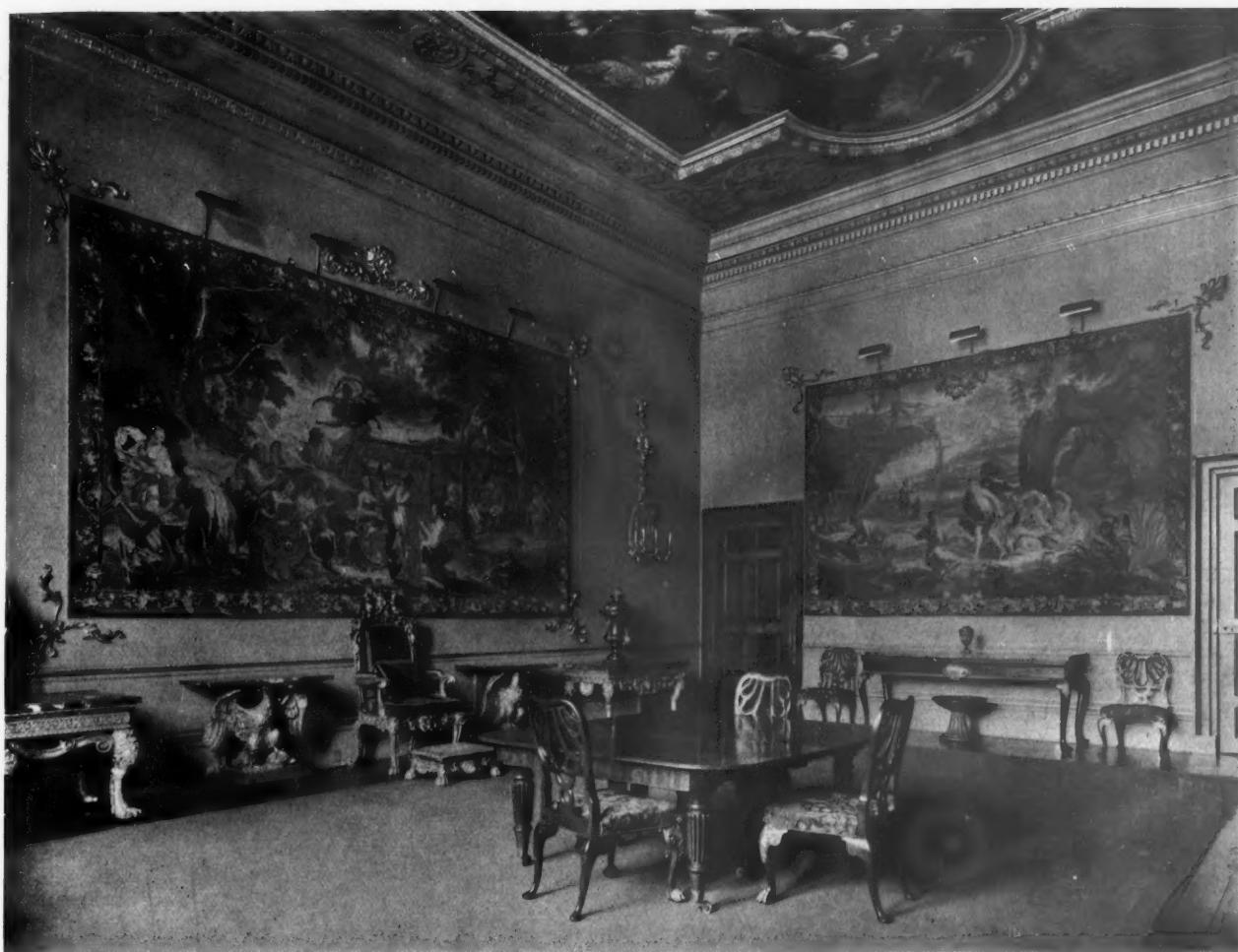
AS REPLANNED BY VANBURGH.
From *Vitruvius Britannicus*.

sickness. Towards the end of 1552 she married Richard Bertie, son of Thomas Bertie of Bersted, Kent. The Berties are generally held to be of Saxon origin, for they came from Bertieland, or Bartenland, in Brandenburg. Their lands near Maidstone acquired the name of Bertiesteit, now Bersted.

The duchess was then thirty-two years of age, and is described by Fuller, who narrates her subsequent adventures in "The Church History" as "A Lady of a *sharpe wit*, and fure hand to drive her wit *home*, and make it *pierce*, where She Pleased. This made Bp *Gardiner* to hate her much for her *jefts* on Him, but more for her *earnest* towards God, the Sincerity of Her Religion." The nature of these "*jefts*" is recorded by Holinshed in *Gardiner's examination of Richard Bertie*:

GARDINER.

... I prae you if I maie ask the question of my ladie your wife, is she now as ready to set up the mass, as she was latelie to pull it downe, when she caused a dog in a rochet to be carried and called by my name? Or doth she thinke her lambs now safe enough which said to me when I hailed my bonnet to her out of my chamber window in the tower, that it was merie with the lambs, now the wolle was shut up. Another time my lord her husband having invited me and diverse



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14.—THE STATE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

ladies to dinner, desired every ladie to choose him whom she loved best, and so place themselves. My ladie your wife taking me by the hand, for that my lord would not have hir to take himself, said, that for so much as she could not sit downe with my lord, whom she loved best, she had chosen me, whom she loved worst.

As both were ardent Protestants, it would only be a matter of time before Bertie and his duchess would be had up before "bloody Bonner." Bertie, with admirable foresight, obtained a licence for travel on the pretext of the large sums owed to the duchess on behalf of her late husband by persons in foreign parts. It was not, however, without the utmost difficulty and after hairbreadth escapes and total loss of luggage that, in the small hours of January 1st, 1555, Bertie, the duchess, her daughter and four servants, got away from their house in Barbican. "It would tire our Pen to trace their Removals from thence," confessed Fuller, "to Leigh, thence over the Seas into Brabant, thence to Santon a City of Cleveland, thence to Weasel, one of the Hanse-Towns, and so to Frankford, thence (by many intermediate Stages) into Poland." The tale has often been told, not least effectively in "The most Rare and Excellent HISTORY of the Duchess of SUFFOLK and her Husband Richard Bertie's Calamity, to the Tune of QUEEN Dido," printed in Queen Elizabeth's reign. The broadsheet describes how—

Thus through London they pass'd along,
Each one did take a seperate Street,
And all along escaping Wrong
At Billingsgate they all did meet.

At length they reached Flanders—

And so with thanks to God on high
They took their way to Germany.

Then occurred the famous incident illustrated on this broadsheet by a woodcut, when the duchess and a new-born boy, "Peregrine Bertie (carrying his forraim nativity in his name)," were forced to take refuge in the church porch of Wesel, where a drunken sexton, seeking to eject them, Bertie seized the keys from his hand and laboured his head with them—

Wherefore the Sexton presently
For Aid and Help aloud did crie.

The difficulty throughout was ignorance on Bertie's part of the Dutch or Flemish tongue, though he was fluent in French, Italian and Spanish, and subsequently—

In Latin made a gallant speech.

With the advent of Elizabeth to the throne, the duchess and Richard Bertie returned to England, where she lived, both at Willoughby House in Barbican and at Grimsthorpe, till she died in 1580, and her husband till 1582, when Peregrine, in right of his mother, succeeded to the title of Lord Willoughby de Eresby. Some account of him—"the brave Lord Willoughby" who commanded the English expedition in the Low Countries and subsequently the force attached to Henry of Navarre in France—we will reserve for next week.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

DARKNESS

The darkness clings about our feet,
Stifling the breath and muffling sight,
Only our hearing is acute.
Imagination keenly bright
Plays on the darkness like a light.

Sounds, from the old, lost, savage past
When man and fear walked side by side,
Ring for a moment, menacing,
And make us Panic's horses ride—
We are so small and terror's world so wide.

It touches on old fears and dreads,
Illuminates the secret things;
Moving it stirs and makes alive
Dead memories and open flings
Doors which were hid by brooding wings.

M. G. MEUGENS.

THE BYRON CENTENARY

IT has generally been accounted fortunate that little is known of the private life of Shakespeare. It has caused attention to be given more to his work and less to minutiae and scandal. The reverse has happened to Byron. Before his death at Missolonghi he was very solicitous about his bones. "Let not my body be hacked, or be sent to England," he implored them. "Here let my bones moulder." Little did he dream of the mound that was to be raised above his soul. He was buried at last like an English country gentleman in an English churchyard. And there were many, but few were of those with whom he had consorted, who felt that a great Englishman was gone. Among them was a boy of fifteen, who felt as if some mighty natural force had gone out of the world. He stayed out all the day carving on a rock the words "Byron is dead," and than this act of a fine young English boy the poet could have had no greater tribute. But the crowd of avengers were not of that innocent type. It has been decreed by fate that the soul of the man should be defiled by the mental sewage heaped on it. On his memory evil men and women began to pile lies and gossip and filth till no one could believe that the soul of a poet could possibly lie under that tumultus. Biographers, instead of clearing away the rubbish, increased it. It has become a mere truism that every new biographer left the poet with a smaller reputation. He was unfortunate in not finding a capable and understanding biographer. Tom Moore was a charming song writer, but not great enough either as a man or as a poet to understand Byron. Leigh Hunt would have written a better biography, and Leigh Hunt is never more absolutely Harold Skimpole than he is in his dealings with Byron. If we look to the other sources of biographical material, who would attach importance to what Lady Blessington or the Countess Guiccioli said, thought or wrote about Byron? They knew, of course, all about his frailties as a man; but, surely, these fade in interest with the passage of time, and on his poetry they were unable to pass judgment.

Professor Chew, the latest of these biographers, is no improvement on his predecessors. He has a commonplace mind, and to that level he reduces everything, as may be guessed at the opening of his book. His preface begins: "'The pageant of his bleeding heart' which Byron bore across Europe, resembles other pageants in that behind it one finds a litter of paper and odds and ends." The shade of Matthew Arnold might well exclaim after this: "To what base uses do we come, Horatio?" It is, however, cruelly appropriate to what follows. Mr. Nicholson's book is well thought out and well written, but there is too much of Lady Blessington, Countess Guiccioli and other shady authorities, who could only relate what they saw and had no understanding. Even what was fine in the appearance of Byron evades their commonplace eyes. "Lounging towards them," says Lady Blessington, "came a pale little man without a hat and with wisps of auburn-grey hair tumbling over the back of his collar." The undulation of his gait is pointed out as the mark of those afflicted with the peculiar form of lameness called Little's disease. The ending of the book is the story of Byron's death at Missolonghi, and the sordid tragedy of it is set out with detail. The shrunken and motionless pupil of his eye, the painful breathing, his pills of calomel mixed with extract of colocynth, the copious bleedings to which he was subjected and the manner in which consent to them was wrung from him, his swearing at them as "a damned set of butchers," and telling them to "take away as much blood as you will; but have done with it," and the wanderings of his mind belong to that region of human frailness over which decency would draw a veil. It is in Europe that the greatness of Byron must be studied. Goethe, the greatest literary intellect of his day, perceived it, so did Heine, so did the leaders of thought in France and Italy. After the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars there had come various changes in the human outlook which were unexpressed and chaotic until Byron, with his piercing intellect and power of expression, found a voice for his time.

That is very different from proclaiming him, as some have done, as a poet comparable with the greatest in the past. The extent of the claims made on his account leaves them open to assault. Byron and Swinburne were at opposite poles, and there can be very little dispute about the effectiveness of the famous magazine article in which Swinburne contended that Byron was a mere rhetorician and not a poet in the highest sense of the word. He postulated that imagination and harmony are the essence of poetry, and quoted the famous passage from Wordsworth, "Will no one tell me what she sings?" as something beyond the Byronic genius. But Swinburne, in his vehement way, went too far. It is well known that Tennyson

was, to a large extent, responsible for the choice of pieces in the "Golden Treasury," and what he chose was probably regarded at that time as the best. There are eight pieces of Byron in that famous anthology. The first is: "O talk not to me of a name great in story; The days of our youth are the days of our glory;" a piece that can be matched in almost any poet's corner of to-day. The next would be considered fine in any age and in any language:

There are none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like Thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me.

"She walks in beauty, like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies" also passes every test and so does—

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years.

The "Elegy on Thyrza" is also excellent, and the rest are rhetorical. These we may assume to be, in the estimation of the best critics of the time, the cream of Byron's muse. If, however, we take up the latest published anthology, that of Mr. John Drinkwater, we find a sad diminution in the number of pieces printed. There are only two: "She walks in Beauty," already referred to, and "The Isles of Greece," at one time so popular as a recitation at Penny Readings. It is enough to quote the last verse to prove that it, at any rate, is sheer rhetoric:

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

Not the most rhetorical of politicians could have worked up to a climax as Byron has here worked up to one in that last line, "Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!" Byron was more at home in prose than in poetry, in "Don Juan" rather than in the more stately pieces. It may be objected that "Don Juan" is rhymed. So it is, and very wittily and cleverly too, but that is an accident. It has power of narration, sharpness and spontaneity of wit, thoughts and incidents that come bubbling up as naturally as water in a fountain; and the freedom with which is represented much of the life that prudent authors hide under a bushel, is, nevertheless, as true as it is amusing. "Don Juan," however, should not be classed with such epics as "Paradise Lost" or Dante's "Inferno." It is, in reality, a novel conceived very much in the style of the author whom Bryon loved best of all, Harry Fielding, and Fielding is traceable to Le Sage, who, in his turn, was spiritually begotten by Cervantes, and, perhaps, had an earlier ancestor in the author of the "Decameron," who, in his turn, handed the torch to our own Chaucer. That is no mean pedigree to make out for "Don Juan" and "Beppo." "The Tragedy of Cain" is another work much greater in the eyes of those that came after than it had been in those of Byron's contemporaries. The rest of his poetry cannot well be saved from destructive criticism. It was of a kind that pleased an English public in whose ears there was still resounding the music of Nelson and his brother seamen; but "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!" is not poetry, but glorious rhetoric.

Byron in England, by Samuel C. Chew. (John Murray, 21s. net.)

Byron: The Last Journey, by Harold Nicolson. (Constable, 12s. net.)

The Dream, by H. G. Wells. (Cape, 7s. 6d.)

SUCH a dream Mr. Wells has had! the setting of it 2,000 years hence, which we do not know, but the dream is of the past, which is the present, that we do know. So that the problems remain the same. The diversion of Mr. Wells is, as usual, provided, and the humiliations of ourselves, who represent the civilization he attacks. He is the man with the club—"I'll have your blood yet, you mealy-mouthed, slavish hypocrite." We, being civilization, represent the cowering, skulking wretch we know ourselves to be. Mr. Wells, having chased us into a corner, comes out best from the encounter. Coming back from 2,000 years experience, he has seen and felt a great deal, and is armed to the teeth. Acid is on his tongue and wrath still in his heart, so that distance has only added an extra edge to his fury. *The Dream* tells the story of a youth of the small shopkeeping class in the period just before 1914. Sarnac, the dreamer, of this life, is a scientific student, on a holiday in the hills with a lovely and loved girl called Sunray. They are free, untainted by clothes, living on the bosom of Nature, full of sweetness and gentleness. Like gentlemen who hoist it and the poetically minded who yearn and dare not, they sleep often beneath the stars. They speak of our absurd past with horror and incredulity, our passions

morbidades, and cruelties. There is no doubt about the savagery of Mr. Wells' onslaught, and perhaps it is a good tonic shaking us out of our obtuse complacencies. But in his concentration on the sordidness of life in one class and his contempt for others, he is like the scientist he is, and cannot see the beauty of a river that catches the light from the blue above or darkens with cloud and night, because he is intent on watching a bucketful of river water under a microscope. Mr. Wells, consciously, of course, inclines thus to limit his vision. Yet we believe this book has more wisdom and tenderness for the race and the time he flagellates than any of his other excursions and phantasies. He has pondered on the travail of his soul and has discovered many things. He is decided and knows what he is aiming at, his ideas and ideals are all arranged. In the midst of our despairs and fumblings at the for

ever closing door of progress, he has had glimpses of a secure land, not in heaven, but here below. Security, where all changes and passes is his ideal, a scientific reconstruction of life, leaving out wars, diseases, superstitions and slums. But then there remains "the snag" which he refuses to believe in. That is the confusion—he calls ours "the age of confusion"—introduced by the vagaries and passions that reside immemorially in the human breast. What he sees is that turbulent territory redecorated and cleaned fit for the reception of a little child, the new humanity. However, a laurel leaf must be cast at Mr. Wells' pilgrim feet, for there is more charm running through this book than in any of his work we have read before—a budding and flowering time not destitute of poetry, but, below it, a sharp, wholesome medicine.—R. G.

SOME BEARDED IRISES: POGONIRIS-II

BY W. R. DYKES.

MANY of these germanicas seem to have given rise to albino forms, one of which has long been known in gardens as florentina. This has flowers of a rather bluish white and sometimes a petal may be seen which is more or less flecked or striped with purple. Its purple counterpart is one of the irises which are cultivated near Florence for the manufacture of orris root, the dried iris rhizome, which is used in perfumery. Another is known as germanica alba and is practically a white counterpart of atropurpurea. It has broad petals and a yellow beard. Yet another is named Istria, because it was found growing by the roadside between Fiume and Abbazzia. This has a white beard and is in some ways the best of them all.

All these varieties are usually in flower early in May, though there is always a risk that their buds may be killed by late frosts even before they emerge from the shelter of the leaves. This is the explanation of the complaint that atropurpurea sometimes fails to flower. The withered frost-bitten flower-stems can be found in the centre of each tuft of leaves, and this liability to injury by spring frost seems to point to a more southern place of origin than Germany, where all the undoubtedly native species remain entirely dormant during the winter and are, therefore, never injured by frost.

An even finer white iris than any of those mentioned is *I. albicans*. It is never more than about 2 ft. in height, but the colour is a very pure, solid white, relieved by a bright yellow beard. This iris has a very interesting history. It was first described as a native of Spain in the neighbourhood of Almeria, and Sir Michael Foster's notebooks record the fact that he received specimens of it from all round the shores of the Mediterranean. It is common in Crete and in Sicily, and it is a wonderful sight to see the sandbanks between the vineyards at Les Onglous, near Béziers, held together by millions of this iris in full flower. The explanation of this wide distribution is that *I. albicans* is an Arabian species which the Mohammedans plant in their graveyards and which they have carried with them wherever they have wandered: into North Africa, Sicily and Spain, as well as into Syria and Asia Minor. As we might expect, *I. albicans* has its purple counterpart, *I. Madonna*, identical in habit and in the shape of its flowers, and of a curious shade of light bluish purple.

Neither *I. albicans* nor any of the forms of *I. germanica* has given rise to any of the tall bearded irises of our gardens. In fact, the few seedlings that have been raised from the various forms of

I. germanica are all dwarf plants, quite unlike their parent, and it was not until *I. trojana* was distributed from the Vienna Botanic Garden, to which it had found its way from Western Asia Minor, that hybridists were able to make any notable advance from the older garden hybrids that owed their origin to crosses between *I. pallida* and *I. variegata*. *I. trojana* has a tall stem which branches freely with rather long side branches and large purple flowers, of which the standards are paler and bluer than the falls. Another good iris of doubtful origin, *Amas* or *macrantha*, also became available for hybridisation towards the end of the nineteenth century. It was sent to Sir Michael Foster from *Amas* or *Amasia* in northern Asia Minor. It has large flowers of light and dark purple and is of sturdy growth, especially in rich, rather heavy soil.



W. J. Clutterbuck.

IRIS KASHMIRIANA IN ITS NATIVE HABITAT.

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These two irises, *trojana* and *Amas*, were used by M. Mottet, who was then in charge of the collection of irises in the gardens of MM. Vilmorin, Andrieux et Cie. at Verrières, near Paris. They were combined with the older varieties, and their influence is clearly seen in *Oriflamme*, an improved and more floriferous *Amas* and in *Isoline*, a delicately coloured *trojana*, which were put into commerce by the firm in 1904. In 1910 came *Alcazar*, a tall, strong-growing *trojana* with large, deeply coloured flowers, which has since proved to be an excellent parent, giving very vigorous and floriferous plants with huge flowers.

Meanwhile, in the south of France, M. Denis was raising many hybrids, chiefly with a tall, large-flowered iris, received from Syria under the name of *I. Ricardi*. The latter is by no means altogether hardy in this country, and wants strong soil and hot sun to mature healthy rhizomes. Consequently, it is only some of M. Denis' hybrids that do well in our gardens, though we should all like to grow the magnificent pale lilac, Mlle. Schwartz.

In England the most striking advance was made when Mr. Bliss raised *Dominion*, of which the flowers are remarkable for their substance and for the velvety richness of their colouring. To all intents and purposes this variety is an improvement on the older variety *Black Prince* and has blue purple standards and darker falls. The flowers are not perfect in outline, and are apt to be too closely set on the somewhat stunted stem. The great merit of *Dominion* is that it seems to have transmitted to its offspring, such as *Bruno*, *Swazi* and *Duke of Bedford*, a breadth and substance of the fall and a richness of colouring which were practically unknown until it appeared.

Within the last fifteen years irises have become extremely popular in America, where amateurs and professionals alike have set to work to raise hybrids in large numbers. Their greatest achievement hitherto has been, perhaps, the tall yellow *Shekinah*, which was sent out by Miss Sturtevant in 1918 and which seems destined to be the ancestress of other tall yellow varieties, deeper in colour and with larger and more shapely flowers.

The choice of garden varieties of bearded iris is, consequently, bewildering. No individual can make a selection that will be entirely satisfactory to others. America has attempted to solve the problem by taking a vote among a number of prominent growers of irises and thus arranging varieties in an order of merit. This seems hardly necessary, because I have often noticed that seedlings that I had condemned and was about to destroy have been rescued and cherished by visitors to my garden, to whom they appealed as being beautiful.

The beginner who wishes to form a collection should, therefore, visit one or two of the nurseries which specialise in irises and make his own selection. This is even more satisfactory than a selection made by inspecting groups at the shows of the Royal Horticultural Society and elsewhere, because some of the very best varieties, when we consider only the actual

flowers have some defect as garden plants. Either they are not floriferous, or their stems are top-heavy and unable to hold themselves erect, or the rhizomes seem peculiarly liable to a fungoid disease which causes them to rot.

The best time at which to plant irises which are obtained from a nursery or sent from a friend's garden is probably the latter half of August or the beginning of September. In one's own garden the plants can be moved when the flowers are fading, pro-

vided that they are replanted immediately they are dug up. If the rhizomes are left lying about and allowed to become dry, the young immature roots wither and the plants receive such a check that they will probably fail to flower in the succeeding year, the reason apparently being that the flower buds are formed in July for the following year. In August and September, however, the buds are probably already formed and the roots are more mature and tougher and less liable to injury while out of the ground.

The cultivation of these irises is a comparatively simple matter, provided that a few rules are observed. The situation must be sunny and well drained and the actual position such that the plants will not be overgrown with sprawling annuals and perennials, when the latter run riot in the borders in late summer. If it is realised that sunshine is necessary to ripen iris rhizomes and that ripening in one season is a necessary preliminary to the production of flowers in the next, then we shall not allow our clumps of irises to become choked with weeds or overgrown and overshadowed by neighbouring plants.

Good drainage is essential to all bearded irises. If the soil is light and porous, they will succeed in ordinary beds; but if the position is inclined to be damp or the soil heavy and retentive of moisture, then the beds should be raised or the earth thrown up into mounds and banks, so that the rhizomes may be kept as dry as possible. In any case, they should be planted very shallow—in fact, so shallow that the upper surface is only just below the soil, which is sure to settle a little and leave the top of the rhizome exposed to the sun and air.

The soil must not be sour, and it is useless to expect bearded irises to succeed in peat. They need, in fact, a fair proportion of lime in the soil, and this is best supplied in the form of old mortar rubble, if it is obtainable. It lightens heavy soil and improves the drainage, and makes even sand more fertile.

The fact that a rhizome is, strictly speaking, a creeping stem, and that the new growths spread more or less rapidly outwards from the central spot where the original piece was first planted, shows that irises do not like to grow continuously in the same soil. In some rich soils they will succeed year after year, but in most gardens in this country it is advisable to lift the rhizomes and replant the more vigorous pieces about every third year; otherwise the centre of each clump will become a mere mass of rhizomes from which no leaves grow and which will eventually decay away.

If irises must be grown in the same situation year after year, then the top nine or twelve inches of soil must be removed and replaced with fresh. It is hardly necessary to go deeper than this, because irises are comparatively shallow rooted, a fact which partly explains why they soon exhaust the soil within their reach.



IRIS DOMINION, A FINE HYBRID.



AN ALBINO FORM OF *I. GERMANICA* CALLED FLORENTINA.

CORRESPONDENCE

BIRD ARRIVALS IN RICHMOND PARK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Those of your readers who are interested in bird life would be well advised in paying a visit to Richmond Park at the present time. While "exploring" the Park for spring migratory birds on Wednesday last, I observed no fewer than six pairs of crested grebes on the larger of Penn Ponds. The heronry in the enclosed covert near Richmond Hill Gate is also worth visiting, the herons inhabiting the same being now very busily engaged in their domestic duties. Many of the smaller species of migratory birds have also arrived, including the wryneck, great and lesser whitethroat, wheatear, whinchat, willow warbler, sedge warbler, chiff-chaff, blackcap and Ray's wagtail. One of the keepers informed me that he heard the cuckoo on Sunday last. Personally, however, I have neither heard nor seen one of these birds, and I strongly suspect the worthy man's cuckoo to have been a youthful bucolic, as I heard a youngster imitating the call of a cuckoo in a very natural manner a few evenings ago.—CURLEW.

CASA SALUZZO, ALBARO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With the approach of the Byron Centenary you may like to see these pictures. Towards the end of September, 1822, Lord Byron arrived at Albaro, near Genoa, and installed himself with the Contessa Guiccioli and her father, Count Gamba, and her brother Pietro, in Casa Saluzzo. On July 13th, 1823, Byron, Pietro Gamba, Trelawny and Dr. Bruno embarked on the Hercules, the vessel that was to carry him to Greece, where, in the following April, his long exile from England was to end with his death. A dead calm prevented his sailing that night, and on the following day Byron went ashore and revisited Casa Saluzzo. Casa Saluzzo still stands. Through its deserted rooms Byron wandered once more weighed down with the sense of loneliness and discouragement. The Guiccioli, who had played so large a part in his Italian life, had departed with her father, having vainly attempted to dissuade him from his enterprise: perhaps, as he paced the empty rooms he may have regretted that he had not yielded to her importunities and given up the Greek expedition; for we know from Hobhouse's "Recollections" that the consul Barry told him that when Byron was driving back to Genoa he confessed that he would abandon the project even then, but that "Hobhouse and the others would laugh at him." The thought must have come to him that he was widening the gulf that separated him from the daughter he loved so well, and, perhaps, a presentiment that he would never return and so never see her added to the melancholy of setting forth on an expedition that he had so little at heart. "I often," he said to Lady Blessington, his friend and neighbour at Il Paradiso at Albaro, "pass over in imagination a long lapse of years and console myself for present privations in anticipating the time when my daughter

will know me by reading my works." That time came. Sixteen months before her death, Ada Countess of Lovelace, visiting Newstead



ADA, COUNTESS OF LOVELACE.

Abbey, the home of her ancestors, touched by the beauty of a passage quoted to her by the then owner of Newstead, enquired the name of the author, and Colonel Wildman pointed to the portrait of her father that hung on the library wall. From that time Ada devoted herself to the study of her father's life and works, and in her last illness wrote to Colonel Wildman, begging to be buried beside her father. "Not where my mother can join me, but by the side of him who so loved me and whom I was not taught to love." How fervently one hopes that these lines were read by the mother whose narrow, cold and cruel judgment had passed sentence on the man who had done her too much honour in giving her his name.—ALFRED LAMBERT.

THE ROSE OF JERICHO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Few plants are more wonderful than the *Anastatica hierochuntica* or the Rose of Jericho. Like a very few others, it has the singular power of retaining its vitality for several years, if it is plucked before it is quite dead. So, here in England, what at first looked like a mere bundle of lifeless twigs, after having been placed in a bowl of water, soon begins to uncurl itself slowly, fibre after fibre, until all is stretched out and perfect again as when picked in Palestine in 1918. Yet this phenomenon is not the wonder of the *Anastatica hierochuntica*. It is a plant—a shrub, growing some six inches high—which deliberately seeks for water, and as deliberately prepares to do so. When it ceases to show its pinkish flowers the plant sheds its leaves. The little branches apparently

wither, and form themselves into the shape of a ball. Then, almost immediately, come along the periodic land winds blowing westerly. They uproot and carry before them the ball-like *anastatica*, and it is tossed and blown over green lands and desert, until it drops into that which it is seeking—water. Soon after the little plant has come into contact with it, the *anastatica* unfolds itself, expands its branches, and the seed vessels, swelling, burst their skin, and expel the seeds. They, after having been thoroughly saturated with water, are cast by the current or the waves on the bank or shore. When the opposite winds set in, they carry the seeds of the *anastatica* back with them, scattering them far and wide over the desert and inhabited lands. The Rose of Jericho is as regular as the swallow in its flitting to-and-fro. A noteworthy instance in nature of a plant having adapted itself to circumstances and surroundings.—N. TOURNEUR.

MAZING A RABBIT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—"Mazing a rabbit" is the phrase employed by country folk to describe the little tragedy which I saw enacted on a sunlit hillside one morning in late spring. "Mesmerism" or "hypnotism," perhaps, would serve equally well, but, somehow, "mazing" seems more apt. I was sheltering from the wind in the lee of a wall when the movements of a rabbit attracted my attention, a full-grown rabbit, clearly not of that season's breeding. It dashed out suddenly from a patch of bracken and set off swiftly across the open in a straight course, as if intent on some specific mission. Obviously, it was not engaged in play, for the movements of rabbits at play are very haphazard, lacking any hint of definiteness and, also, one never sees a rabbit playing alone. Abruptly it came to a dead stop and crouched close to the ground, with ears laid down flat on its neck. I was too far away to distinguish if its eyes were turned backward in terror but, even from a distance, there could be no doubt of its fright. I looked about for some danger threatening it, but the sky was clear of all bird life. In any case, the rabbit was too big to be taken by anything less than an eagle or a very large hawk. Then, on the earth, I saw the cause of its panic. At a distance of some forty yards from it, a mother stoat was training her family of five young in the tactics which were destined to be their business in life, the tracking and killing of their food. She, with her brood following her in single file, was making towards the prey, slowly, but very certainly. Her progress was not in a straight line, but in an irregular zig-zag, leading towards the terror-stricken rabbit and inevitably drawing closer. She would make a sudden swift dart of a few yards and then crouch for, possibly, the space of a minute. Her young followed her every movement, darting when she darted and crouching when she crouched. In a way, the procession of six sleek, agile, dun-coloured little bodies made a pretty sight, but sinister with the ruthlessness of Fate. When the pursuers had worked their way to within about twenty yards of the quarry, the rabbit roused itself with an obvious effort and scurried back into the bracken. The stoats, almost without a pause, swung round, still in single file, and advanced in the same manner as before on the hiding place. Within a few minutes the rabbit again broke cover in an effort to escape and again crouched motionless in the open. The procession merely swung round again and the stalking recommenced. How long this had been going on before my notice was first drawn, it is impossible to conjecture, but I watched the doomed rabbit make nine separate abortive attempts to escape across the open, only to halt cowering. Each time, the stoats managed to draw closer on their prey before the rabbit made its effort at concealment in the bracken. And, on each occasion, that effort clearly became more difficult, the final rushes to cover being virtually half-hearted. At last, the mother stoat worked herself to within a distance of a couple of yards or so. A lightening-like dart, a spring, a bite on the neck below and behind the ear and the rabbit's terror was at an end. The killer drew back while each of her young in turn darted, sprang and fixed its teeth in the neck. The mother stoat then calmly sat by cleaning herself what time her brood feasted. When they had finished and had started to play, she commenced her meal. At any time during the tracking, escape was possible to the quarry in a thousand different directions.—GUY BROUN.



BYRON'S HOUSE TO-DAY.

PRESERVING LEATHER BINDINGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Could you or any of your readers tell me the best way to preserve the leather bindings of books. I should like to hear of a preparation—preferably one that could be made at home—that will restore the elasticity and suppleness to leather that has become dry and brittle. A book in its original binding I always think is so much more interesting than one that has been re-bound, apart from the question of value.—P. G. PHILLIPS.

[Messrs. Dulau, the well-known book-sellers, recommend "K" cream (as used for boots) as excellent for the purpose.—ED.]

"IVAN."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You may like to have this photograph of my Russian bear "Ivan," aged three months. He was then about the size of a collie, but when he grew to be a year old I had to give him to



"THE RUGGED RUSSIAN BEAR," THREE MONTHS OLD.

a private zoo, as he became quite savage.—V. SACKVILLE-WEST.

"THE POST."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—After reading your very interesting account of the "Post" I thought you might care to see this photograph of the primitive way the mails are delivered in some of the remote districts of the Highlands in Scotland. This shows the arrival of the postman (the man on the right, sorting the parcels and letters), with his horse, at a house high up above a



THE POST ARRIVES IN A WEST HIGHLAND VILLAGE.

valley in the Western Highlands; besides the large leather bag with letters, carried on the saddle, a large cardboard hat-box is tied on, looking slightly the worse for its adventures. The manse and a few scattered farm buildings lay on the other side of the river, and, except when the river was in spate, the postman usually rode his horse down, left him on the bank to eat his fill of grass, while he stepped across from stone to stone with the letters, to save going round a much longer way by the bridge, and coming back again to continue his round up the valley.—MAUDE TEEVAN.

"THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH."

TO THE EDITOR.

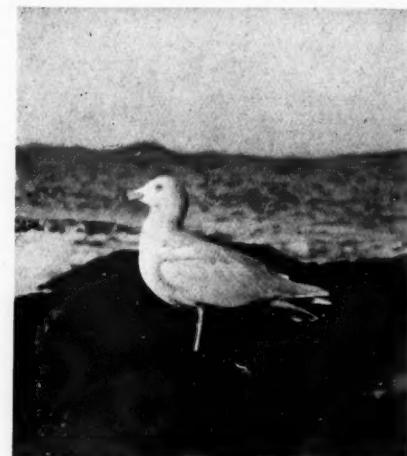
SIR,—"Aye! That's Tammas! Times he comes out for a sup. . . . He'll no care for strangers." How well I remember the scene. The lonely cottage on the edge of the wind-swept moor, where I had paused for a little till the worst of the snowstorm had passed. And I can still see old Mary sitting in her chimney corner by the peat fire, her white mutch round her thin, old, humorous face. We sat listening to the chirping of the cricket, and I wondered how the creature had come to take up its abode in that isolated cot in the wilds. I had never known a cricket in that part of the country before. Mary seemed to look upon it as quite an old friend and housemate, and told me she "wouldna be without 'un for a' the siller in the world." I wondered why, till I recalled that a cricket was supposed to bring luck. There are several specimens of the cricket tribe—the house, mole, field and wood varieties. The house cricket likes to live near a fire, being very partial to warmth and comfort. It has a special fancy for a bakehouse, and inhabiting, as it does, such warm spots, one understands that it is a thirsty soul and always ready for a drink. In consequence of this it is easily trapped to its doom with a bowl of liquid in any form. It will go for any moist article with avidity and will eat holes in any damp rag. It is a voracious eater, too, and lives mostly on crumbs and scraps of bread and meat. Indeed, one way of reducing the numbers of crickets when they get too general is to clear away all crumbs from the neighbourhood of their abode. Certainly they are useful as little scavengers. The curious chirping sound the cricket makes, by the sharp rubbing and attrition of its wings, is sometimes astonishingly loud. It has been called the housewife's barometer, foretelling to her what the weather will be and prophesying rain; and much quaint superstition appears to have attached itself to the insect's presence and habits. It is a curious thing, and many naturalists have commented on the fact, that these insects, like some others, never seem to make any use of their wings, except for the purpose of carrying themselves to a new abode. And a house cricket is a curious creature as regards its choice of residence. It will suddenly take up its dwelling in a particular house and remain there for many a day in spite of much disturbance; then, for no apparent reason, it will one night unfold

its rarely used wings and depart to another abode.—FREDERICK GRAVES.

THE GREATER BLACK-BACK MEETS HIS MATCH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The pugnacity of the greater black-backed gull is proverbial, and in Scillonian,



THE VICTORIOUS GLAUCOUS GULL.

where the species is probably more abundant than in any other part of the kingdom, its depredations are particularly well known. On all the beaches of the islands where food is procurable, and especially round about the harbour of St. Mary's, where at this season of the year pieces of fish are often scattered about, the greater black-backed gull invariably gets more than his share, for not only does he secure that which he finds himself, but should any other gull come across a tasty morsel, nine times out of ten the greater black-back is there before the other bird has time to swallow it, and it is dropped and left for him to devour. So regularly does this happen, and so well known is it among other gulls that the greater black-back is supreme, that resistance is not thought of. But, just lately, Scilly has been visited by three white gulls of a species which does not acknowledge the supremacy of this tyrant, and this has led to an incident which seems worth recording. One evening, a short time since, one of these white gulls was eating on the beach a piece of fish or some such garbage when a greater black-back, as usual, came swooping down, intent upon having it. The white gull did as all the others do—dropped it—but not with the intention of leaving it for the greater black-back. Oh! dear no! He simply wanted to be able to be free to use his beak in another manner; and he immediately proceeded to do so, for he seized the greater black-back by his head and gave him such a shaking that upon being released he betook himself as quickly as possible to a more healthy district, utterly discomfited. Never before had any of us seen the greater black-back served in this way, and great was our astonishment; but it must have been as nothing compared to that which the marauder himself must have felt—he who had never before been offered even the semblance of resistance, to be shaken as a rat would be shaken by a terrier, and that in his own domain. But the secret lies in the fact that the white gull was a glaucous gull, a bird whose Arctic breeding makes him hard, tough and courageous, and which is known in the north as the "Burgomaster" and as a bold and fearless bird. For several weeks three of these birds have been making their home in St. Mary's harbour, but two have now left, and doubtless the other will not be long. They are not yet mature birds, though fully grown, but are probably in their fourth year. It is nearly twenty years since the last glaucous gull was visiting the islands.—C. J. KING.

MOLES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Sigma" can destroy his moles by taking some worsted, poisoned by rat poison, and threading it through worms, using a bit of wire for the purpose. The worms, with the worsted inside, are cut into inch lengths and dropped into the runs.—A. W. LEATHAM.

THE CAREER OF A GREAT THOROUGHBRED SIRE

TOM PINCH AND HIS *DEBUT*.

IT may seem rather late in the day to refer to the death of Mr. Sol Joel's great sire at the Maiden Erleigh Stud—*Polymelus*. This, however, is the first opportunity that has offered owing to the press of other subjects of current interest, and, furthermore, it does not seem as if sufficient justice has been done to the career of a really great thoroughbred stallion. His contribution to breeding in this country and, indeed, in the world generally, has been about the biggest thing we have known since, say, the eras of such great sires as *Persimmon*, *Bend Or*, *Doncaster*, *St. Simon* and a few others.

I have written about *Polymelus* from time to time in *COUNTRY LIFE*, and in particular when the Maiden Erleigh Stud was the subject of a long article. He certainly made the name of Mr. Sol Joel as a breeder. Never did man make a luckier purchase of a horse, for upon it hinged the whole of the big part that owner has taken in breeding and racing. My last recollections of the horse were of seeing him one Sunday in June last year in a little paddock at Maiden Erleigh, which had been set apart for him. He looked like a horse of extremely advanced age, thin and almost emaciated, frail, but yet throwing out a challenge from his fine eye. Some owners would have had him destroyed as being beyond further use, but one can understand that sentiment dictated the owner's policy in this case.

Mr. Joel, however, must have known the end could not have been far off, though the horse kept on living in an astonishing way, and, what is more, his stock continually kept his name in prominence. The longer he survived the more he surprised everyone. It was while he lingered that Mr. Joel determined to have a statue of him executed and erected in the grounds. So Mr. Cecil Brown undertook the work, and long before the horse died the excellent statue of him was in position. Other statues of notable horses elsewhere are of *Persimmon*, which King Edward had erected at Sandringham, not far from the stud buildings, while in the grounds of Mentmore is a statue of King Tom.

How very often the present Marquis of Crewe must have wished that he had never sold *Polymelus*. He bred him, and for some time had him in training with John Porter at Kingsclere. There must have been some good reason for selling him, which fact enabled Mr. David Faber to own him. The latter's horses at that time were trained by Baker at Collingbourne Ducis, in Wiltshire. Mr. Faber also had another horse named *Candahar*. In consequence of certain happenings Mr. Faber decided to sell his horses at Newmarket, and *Polymelus* and *Candahar* were sent there. The former being beautifully bred, by *Cyllene* (sire of four Derby winners) from *Maid Marian*, had shown some most promising form, and there was an idea that the best in him had still to be revealed. The story goes that Mr. Faber gave instructions for *Polymelus* to be bought in. He had, in the first instance, given 4,500 guineas for him.

Whatever the precise instructions were, it is certain they were misconstrued by someone. Instead of *Polymelus* being bought in, the agent acting for Mr. Faber bought in *Candahar*, who turned out to be practically useless for racing purposes. That was how Mr. Joel came to give 4,200 guineas for *Polymelus*, possibly the cheapest horse ever bought. I have said that he was a very good horse before Mr. Joel got him: he had won as a two year old and as a three year old. He began in Mr. Joel's jacket to make such a show for the Champion Stakes as to make him certain that he would win the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton Park. He started at an extraordinarily short price and won easily, at the same time incurring a 10lb. penalty for the Cambridgeshire, which brought his weight to 8st. 10lb. *Danny Maher* again had the mount. Never was there such a handicap certainty, for in the opinion of his trainer, Charles Peck, who appreciably improved him, he had only to keep well to win. Probably Mr. Joel had the biggest win of his life. He really never left off backing him, even until they had got to the post. And so the price dwindled and dwindled until, finally, the starting price was the record low one of 11 to 10 against. He won, cantering, by four lengths!

It is, however, of the stud career of the horse I would particularly write here. He was a success right from the outset, and he seemed to go from strength to strength, if we bear in mind that his best progeny were running during the years of war when racing was most severely restricted, and there was not much money to win. But for that fact the winnings of his stock would have been extraordinarily big. In 1914 *Polymelus* headed the list of winning sires with £29,607, and he did so again in the years 1915, 1916, 1920 and 1921, with, respectively, £17,781, £16,081, £39,704 and £34,307. Compare the totals in the years of war with those when we had returned to the normal and it will be understood how the sire was handicapped.

It was in 1914 that he sired the winner of the St. Leger for Mr. Jack Joel. That was *Black Jester*, a handsome horse of perfect action that has not been the success at the stud he should have been, though he has got many winners of sorts. So far Mr. Sol Joel had not been able to breed a high-class one

by him for himself, but he had not to wait long. *Pommern*, a son of *Polymelus*, came along to sweep the board of the wartime classic races in 1915. The Two Thousand Guineas was, as usual, held at Newmarket. There was, however, no real Derby at Epsom and, instead, the first of the New Derbys at Newmarket. *Pommern* won it easily, and later in the season, at headquarters, he won the substitute race for the St. Leger. The next classic winner to be sired by *Polymelus* was that brilliant filly, *Fifinella*, owned by Sir Edward Hulton, who bred her. She won both the New Derby and the New Oaks in 1916, though possibly the best three year old of that year was *Hurry On*, who only took part in the substitute St. Leger, which he won; indeed, this horse was never beaten.

The first winner of a real Derby to be sired by *Polymelus* was *Humorist*, that ill-fated chestnut colt with the big white blaze who won the Derby in 1921, and less than a month later was found dead in his box at his training quarters. But apart from the classics *Polymelus* sired a lot of high-class horses. My mind turns to *Cinna*, who won the One Thousand Guineas for Sir Robert Jardine, and was narrowly beaten for the Oaks, to such as *Archaic*, *Parth* and *Craigangower*, placed for the Derby in their different years, to such good class handicappers as *Maiden Erleigh*, *Soranus*, *Pomme de Terre*, *Phalaris*, *Poltava*, *Silvern*, *Evander* and others. There were others again of lesser degree, and now horses by him are in most countries of the world, certainly in the United States—where *Archaic* went, for whom something like 15,000 guineas were paid—the Argentine, South Africa and, of course, France.

The attention of people who like to look ahead in racing is on the City and Suburban Handicap, which is to be decided at Epsom on the 30th of the month. Then, beyond that, on May 17th at that most popular of metropolitan courses, Kempton Park, the Jubilee Handicap is due to be run. I should say that the "Jubilee" is out by itself as the highest class handicap of the whole flat racing season. Before, however, we come to those handicaps we shall have the Craven Meeting, which opens the Newmarket season. It is due next week, immediately after all the Easter meetings, and I should like to touch on it now if only for the reason that it is likely to be associated with the *début* in public of Lord Woolavington's dark colt *Tom Pinch*, who, although he has never been away from his training quarters at Beckhampton, is actually favourite for the Derby at the time of writing.

It is very remarkable of itself that a horse which has never seen a racecourse should have been exalted into such a position. Either he will handsomely justify himself, or those who last week were accepting the very short price of 7 to 1 will have much cause for regret. I am informed that he is to run for the Craven Stakes at Newmarket on Friday next. Well, it will be good to be at Newmarket again, but especially so to come to one's own conclusions about this horse. He is an own brother to *Captain Cuttle*, being by *Hurry On* from *Bellavista*, and I believe it to be quite true that he is a big colt of commanding size and undoubted character, especially when stretched out in a gallop. Never having won a race he not only escapes the 10lb., which such as *Bright Knight*, *Knight of the Garter*, *Tippler* and *Arausio* must put up, but he also takes a maiden allowance of 5lb. Those horses, therefore, must give him 15lb.

Light Hand won the race a year ago for Lord Astor on the occasion when *Ellangowan* was second, and both these horses took the maiden allowance, while *Top Gallant*, in an attempt to give 15lb., was third. The last named was a very good horse about that time, but it takes an altogether exceptional horse to give the penalty, plus the allowance, to any good three year old. *Pommern* failed to do so when beaten by *Rossendale* in 1915, and if *Tom Pinch* be half what is claimed for him, then he will win, because *Bright Knight* and the others will have no pretensions to give away the weight. At any rate were they to do so the Derby aspirations of Lord Woolavington's colt would surely vanish.

I somehow doubt whether we shall see out the King's colt, *Knight of the Garter*, as no doubt he is in reserve for the Two Thousand Guineas. It remains to be seen whether he will be good enough, but it is understood that he has done extremely well of late. *Bright Knight* may compete, though it is far from being a certainty that he will do so. In any case, it will be of vast interest to set eyes on *Tom Pinch*, though at the time of writing the absence of rain and the consequent hard state of the ground must be adding a deal to the ordinary anxieties of his trainer, Fred Darling, who, I may add, also had both the sire and the full brother in his care. He regards *Hurry On* as the best racehorse he has ever known in his time, and I gather he also has in mind those distinguished Derby winners, *Galtee More* and *Ard Patrick*, who were both trained by his late father, Sam Darling, at Beckhampton. It is possible that the Greenham Stakes at Newbury has thrown some light on the classic situation, but reference to the race and the horses that competed must be deferred for the moment.

PHILIPPOS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

FUTURE OF FAMOUS MANSIONS

SUFFOLK is rich in moated halls, and one of them, Gedding, near Bury St. Edmund's, which was to have been offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, on behalf of Viscount St. Davids, has been, as was briefly noted last week, sold by them privately before the appointed date, if, indeed, any date had been definitely appointed. The hall was built by the de Geddynges and partly reconstructed two centuries later by the Chamberlaynes. According to the Domesday records, Gedding was at that time owned by William de Warren, having previously been held by Saxon freemen of the Abbot of St. Edmund's. Free Warren was granted to Edward de Geddyng by Edward III. During Elizabeth's reign the manor passed into yeoman hands, but after 1658 it was vested in Thomas Bokenham, and owned by his successors until the later part of the nineteenth century. Viscount St. Davids restored its old-world strength and dignity.

Major Owain Greaves has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to sell the contents of Quenby, including the tapestries and original Jacobean furniture, early in May, in the house, following the recent sale of the estate.

Lord Castlestewart has taken, through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, No. 116, Sloane Street. Lady Gerald Wellesley has taken No. 66, Mount Street.

Callis Court, West Malling, near Maidstone, is to be offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley during the season.

In an informative note on building development in East Kent, that excellently compiled and edited publication, the *Kentish Estates Journal*, in which the expert hand of Mr. Alfred J. Burrows (Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley) is so evident, says: "The renewed activity in building has led to an increased demand for building sites. In the immediate neighbourhood of Ashford several building estates are being developed. At Kennington, known as Ashford's 'Garden Suburb,' is the Burton estate, a mile from the town, adjoining the Ashford golf links; and a mile on the other side of Ashford, at Millbank, on the Hamstreet Road, plots on the estate of the Worshipful Company of Haberdashers are offered. To those who prefer country surroundings, sites at Pluckley will specially appeal. The roads are shaded and bordered with trees, and the district is particularly bracing and picturesque. Here ninety-nine years' leases are granted at moderate ground rents."

Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons and Messrs. Alex. H. Turner and Co. are to offer the following properties by auction: Building estates at Winchmore Hill, on May 15th, in conjunction with Messrs. Percival Hodson; Sir Harry Malet's Wilbury estate between Winchester and Salisbury, extending to 2,000 acres, on June 17th; Lightwater Manor, Bagshot, in conjunction with Messrs. John German and Son, on June 25th. They have sold Carlton, Woking; and Broomfield, Weybridge; and, in conjunction with Messrs. Heath and Salter, Littlebourne, near Guildford.

Sir George Rivers Lowndes, K.C.S.I., is selling the freehold known as Crow Hill, situated on the western edge of the New Forest, through Messrs. Fox and Sons, in conjunction with Messrs. Chrimes and Champion. It includes the residence with cottages and small holdings, the whole being about 35 acres in extent.

Messrs. H. and R. L. Cobb, amalgamated with Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard, announce the disposal of Oast House Farm, near Sittingbourne, comprising a comfortable farmhouse, cottages and nearly 50 acres of fruit plantations, for £11,500, the principal lot, the house and 35 acres, realising £8,200. It is one of the most productive fruit farms in the neighbourhood. So delightful is its position and so excellent are its plantations that it is well worthy of its reputation and the good price which it realised.

LAND AROUND MONTACUTE.

OUTLYING portions of the Montacute estate, near Yeovil, extending to just over 1,200 acres, have just been disposed of by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. The estate lies three miles from Yeovil, on the South Petherton

road, and the sale includes part of the picturesque village of Montacute, a property that has been in the hands of the family of the vendor, Mr. E. Phelps, for many generations. Comprised in the present transaction is the Abbey Farm, the house of which dates from the eleventh century, inasmuch as there was formerly a Cluniac priory there, founded by William the Conqueror and richly endowed during the reign of Henry I, and granted to the monks of Cluny by the Earl of Moreton. The farmhouse is principally of the Elizabethan period, and contains a fine original ceiling and other old work of much interest. The history of the place shows that in Saxon times it was called Logaresburch, a name changed in Norman days by the Moreton who built a castle on the neighbouring ridge point. Near it had been a Roman double-moated encampment, three miles round, and containing an extra defensive position of 20 acres within the enclosure. The five farms, some small holdings and woodland embraced in the present sale form an admirable little shoot, and the late tenant is one of the best game shots in England. Of course, the vendor is retaining, and intends to retain, Montacute House and about 350 acres, a notable example of Elizabethan architecture, and now occupied on lease by the Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, who has laid out a large sum upon it during his tenancy. Montacute has been thrice illustrated and described in special articles in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. III., pages 464 and 496; Vol. XV., page 810; and Vol. XXXVII., pages 820 and 870).

HALL PLACE AND MARKENFIELD HALL.

THE stately old Kentish seat, Hall Place, Bexley, has been sold by Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard, and Messrs. H. and R. L. Cobb, in conjunction with Messrs. Dann and Lucas. An article on the house appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. VIII., page 776). Hall Place was built in the form of a quadrangle, with two extended wings, the northern portion being of the Tudor period, built of stone with mullioned windows, and the southern portion is Jacobean. The northern front is guarded by handsome iron gates and flanking fences. The main entrance is at the east front. Approached by a handsome Jacobean staircase, on the first floor are drawing-room, with ceiling by Inigo Jones, and picture gallery. The gardens, tennis and croquet lawns, terrace walks and shrubberies are laid out, with a miniature park extending to the banks of the River Cray, in all approximately 30 acres. Hall Place is of historical interest, having been about 1366 the residence of the At-halls, from whom it was conveyed to Thomas Shelle of Gaysum in Westerham, in whose name it continued down to John Shelley (1441). His son, William, passed the property to Sir John Champneys, whose possessions in the county were disengaged by an Act of Henry VIII.

Markenfield Hall, reputed to be the oldest inhabited house in Yorkshire, is for sale. The mansion, which is accounted among the finest remaining examples of Tudor architecture, and was described and illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE*, Vol. XXXI., page 206, was built by Sir Thomas Markenfield on land held in the days of Henry I by a Roger Markenfield, and became the seat of a famous family; a Markenfield, as related in the ballad, was among the commanders at Flodden, and a later holder of the name took part in the "rising of the North" in the sixteenth century, with the result that the estates were forfeited. For many generations now Markenfield Hall has been in possession of the Grantleys, and it is for the present Lord Grantley that the estate is now to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The area is about 600 acres. The residence and its surroundings retain their old-world character; a feature is the Elizabethan gate-house which guards the great quadrangle of Gothic and Jacobean outbuildings surrounded by the moat.

DEMOLITION OF FAMOUS MANSIONS.

WHAT is to be the future of the historic home of the Houblons? The efforts to dispose of Hallingbury Place will be discontinued, and the "house-breaker" may shortly make his appearance there and begin the melancholy work of dismantling

the structure. It will be remembered that Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. bought the house and a large acreage at the auction last autumn by Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard and Messrs. H. and R. L. Cobb, and that it has since been on offer at a very nominal price for use either as a private residence or for institutional or kindred purposes.

Yet another notable mansion which has been the subject of illustrated articles in *COUNTRY LIFE* is in danger of demolition; for Messrs. Buckland and Sons announce the receipt of instructions to dispose of the fabric and site of St. Leonard's Hill, Windsor. It is with unfeigned regret that we should witness the passing of a house which has architectural interest, essential beauty and dignity, and historical associations of a kind that gain much from being so fully and inimitably recorded by no less a person than Horace Walpole.

St. Leonard's Hill came under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. W. Goodchild and Co. last autumn, and before that, in 1920, Messrs. Curtis and Henson offered the estate on behalf of the trustees of the late Sir Francis Tress Barry. Elaborate particulars were prepared on each occasion, and now "the fabric" is for sale. The last resident owner bought the property in 1872, and he gave the house the exterior it now possesses; but the dining-room, drawing-room and music-room were, happily, left untouched, for they are the work of Thomas Sandby, inspired by the brothers Adam, and plentiful proofs of the fact are evident in the structure. Sandby's commission came from Maria Countess of Waldegrave, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester, and the house was erected in the years 1762-72.

Many eminent persons have owned or occupied the mansion, among them, in 1783, General, afterwards Earl, Harcourt; the Earl of Derby; a well known Parliamentarian, Mr. Moffatt, in 1852; and, lastly, Sir Francis Tress Barry, by whom King Edward was entertained at the house. The device on the seal of the Society of Antiquaries is a copy of a Roman bronze lamp found at St. Leonard's Hill in 1717, and presented to the society by Sir Hans Sloane.

NORFOLK FISHING AND SHOOTING.

MR. W. J. BARRY, being desirous of selling that noted sporting estate, Witchingham Hall, Norfolk, has placed it in the hands of Messrs. Hampton and Sons. As a partridge shoot, Witchingham shows bags that are not surpassed in the kingdom, for over 800 partridges have been killed in a single day on six occasions in the last twenty years, and, in 1914, 1,945 brace were killed on an area of 3,900 acres. In the same season, 2,809 pheasants brought the total bag for that year to over 9,400 head. A notable feature is the exceptionally good trout fishing in two streams for many miles. The estate for sale is 1,700 acres, with a charming old Elizabethan house in red brick, with stone mullioned windows, about a quarter of a mile from the River Wensum, which bounds the estate. It is approached by two short avenue drives, and contains a hall 30ft. by 8ft., panelled in oak of the fourteenth century, with fine old mantelpiece, staircase hall lighted by a mullioned window filled in with stained glass, a handsome staircase with oak-panelled dado and balusters, a second staircase of dark oak, a dining-room 36ft. by 24ft. and 15ft. high with panelled walls and ceiling, drawing-room 32ft. 6ins. by 21ft. 6ins. with panelled ceiling, morning or smoking room 26ft. by 18ft. with fine old carved oak mantelpiece, and billiard-room.

Major Muir has instructed Messrs. Constable and Maude to offer Hidcote House, Campden, shortly. It comprises a typical example of Jacobean architecture, unspoiled by additions or "improvements," and can be purchased with 5 or 60 acres. Their recent sales include St. Michael's, Falmouth, a modern house overlooking the bay, with 2 acres of grounds; Quince Farm, Liphook, a house full of oak beams and paneling; and Bill House, Selsey, prior to auction. They have resold Manor Farm, Chute Standen, and 840 acres; and have disposed of No. 18, Bruton Street, a panelled Georgian house in Mayfair; and No. 11, Chelsea Park Gardens, both before auction.

ARBITER.



A LESSER COUNTRY HOUSE.

NEW HALL FARM,
CHOBHAM,
SURREY.

WITHOUT some documentary evidence, which is not available, it would be difficult to say when this house was built, for it has been altered so extensively within comparatively recent years that not much of its original character remains. It is, moreover, largely clothed with ivy, which obliterates the architecture, though it gives the house the comfortable look of "a little house with leafy eyes." Possibly it began life as a farmhouse in the eighteenth century, but it has long since outlived that use. To-day it makes a pleasant country home in a setting of old trees, and with a fine prospect across Chobham Common. Formerly there were steadings belonging to the farm, but these have disappeared; there remains, however, a granary, which has been incorporated and added to as part of the offices.

Some houses have much to engage the attention outside and little inside; but here the reverse is the case, for, apart from its general air of restfulness, there is nothing about the outside that particularly attracts the eye. It is inside that the interest lies, and here not so much in architectural features as in the delightful colour scheming and furnishing. Looking at the rooms, one is prompted to some reflections on which is the best way of furnishing an old house in the country. Should the aim be to live up to its character by the introduction of old pieces, even at the risk of losing some elements of comfort, or should frankly modern furniture be used, and the house throughout be treated from the modern point of view? It is possible to conceive pleasing treatments in both manners, for while old furniture at once fits sweetly into place, there is modern furniture, too, on simple lines and of good workmanship, which could be utilised effectively. In the present instance a happy compromise between old and new has been arrived at. Old



Copyright.

DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

pieces there are in plenty; but also such items as modern settees and very comfortable modern beds.

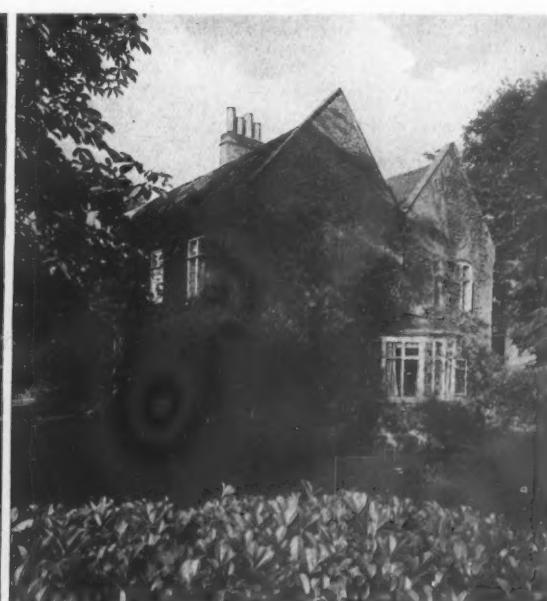
The walls throughout are covered with parchment-coloured paper, and nothing more pleasing as a background could be desired. This continuity of the same colour throughout the different rooms has much to commend it. It produces a far more restful effect than the more customary practice of differently coloured walls.

The dining-room, a view of which is shown on this page, is especially pleasing. Old pieces furnish it, but there is no suggestion of period, and so the room has an engaging air of informality which modern "period" rooms seldom possess. Oak



Copyright.

ENTRANCE FRONT.



GABLED END.

"C.L."

and mahogany here are happily associated. The floor is overspread with a large Persian carpet, the windows are hung with a reproduction of Queen Anne stuff, and on the walls are two old flower pictures in broad black frames. Attention may be drawn to the lighting fitting in this room. It is a reproduction of an old Dutch candelabrum, adapted for petrol-vapour gas. This gas is used throughout the house for lighting, heating and cooking, the weight which



ARRANGEMENT OF WEIGHT FOR DRIVING PETROL-GAS PLANT.



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SITTING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

provides the driving force of the mechanism being ingeniously accommodated within an addition to one of the chimney stacks, up and down which it works.

The sitting-room is chiefly noteworthy for its harmonious colouring, which the

accompanying illustration necessarily lacks. There is a delightful blending of all sorts of shades, in rugs, chair and settee coverings, and the mellow tones of the furniture. The shot rep on the settee and the striped covering of the large armchair at once captivate the eye.

Harmonious colour is a feature also of the bedrooms in the house. The same ivory tone is used upstairs as downstairs, but in the bedrooms a variety of effect is produced by the distinctive colourings of the materials used for curtains, bed covers, etc. Thus, in one bedroom some curtains with a pattern on a vivid green ground produce an uncommon effect, while in another much use is made of blues and yellows. R. S.

A LIGHT THAT HAS NOT FADED

WHEN Olive Schreiner was ten years old she wrote in her diary that "all great truths have first seen the light and the foundations of all great works been laid in hours of solitude and silence." The small thinker, already peering and pondering on the mysteries of existence, had never been to school, so she spelt the noun of the everlasting search as "trouth" and its dwelling-place was in "soltude." Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner, in his *Life of Olive Schreiner* (T. Fisher Unwin, price 21s.), has started with the ancestry of his wife as far back as can be traced. A German father, an English mother who carried in her veins a drop of Jewish blood, not to be verified genealogically, but that the tongue of tradition made undoubted, were the parents of this remarkable child. Gottlob Schreiner was a missionary who, stopping in London on his way to South Africa, met the young and talented daughter of a Congregational minister and enlisted her sympathies in the mission field, and the two enthusiasts landed on the wild coast that hid the still wilder interior of unknown Africa in 1838. Trekking in ox-wagons, building houses with their own hands, surrounded by dangers and difficulties, wild animals and hostile savages, the pilgrimage of the brilliant little white-handed lady from London and the serious, unworldly German missionary began. Numerous children blessed them; many died in that rough life. A strange, solitary life; but the wild was a fit nurse for a poetic child, as Olive's diary indicates. Terrible storms of lightning and thunder would break above the precipices and rocks of the Wittebergen station perched among these great mountain ranges, where Olive was born in March, 1855. Her sole education was what her overworked mother gave her and her own reading. She was an untamed and passionate girl, quick to feel injustice and harshness, and who found in nature and her own breast the best teachers—the only ones for such a soul as hers. An accidental meeting with a stranger when she was sixteen put into her hands Herbert Spencer's "First Principles." She said: "I always think that when Christianity burst on the dark Roman world it was what that book was to me. I was in such complete, blank atheism. I did not even believe in my own nature, in any right or wrong or certainty." Very early—stung, so to speak, by the injustice and hypocrisy of Christians and the indifference of nature—Olive Schreiner had revolted against all religion. She was persecuted by her family as a lost soul, who, believing her damned, treated her with the necessary harshness. Even close friendship could not stand the danger of associating with an infidel. The sufferings of this dark-eyed lovely girl, branded by a strange eccentricity from babyhood, were intense. Like many another young thing, less gifted, she lived in a world of dreams and could not remember when she did not solace herself with story-making and telling stories to other children. All her life she carried with her traits of the desert places, wherever she was, walking up and down rooms or roads, talking to herself, communing with the mystery of her own soul, her gaze withdrawn and her gestures often excited and frenzied. Her husband says that it had never entered his thoughts that such a character could exist; she was neither normal nor abnormal, but incredible only as genius can be. Melancholy or perhaps the sadness of a too perplexed young spirit are to be discerned in the wistful portrait of her at fourteen. Ten years later,

when she was writing "The Story of an African Farm," her photograph is singularly attractive—such sweetness and penetration, with the most lovable mouth and dark, eloquent eyes. The violence of her character, which would lead her to tramp hotel bedrooms all night till she was asked to leave; the indignation that would make her pour volumes of fury on the heads of station officials who were not conveying her pet animals properly, are never indicated in any of her portraits. She was a rebel, but only as all great poets and thinkers are who throw open new paths for humanity to tread. The determination not to be blinded by custom or shackled by beliefs grown meaningless in her eager search for truth, required extraordinary single-mindedness and courage. Her heart had to be armed against the comments of the crowd and the retaliations of deprived affection. Olive Schreiner trod the wine-press alone. Even if "The Story of an African Farm" is not read now as it was then, yet its purpose and illumination have not been lost. Like the road the Romans made, though the toilers are dust, yet it is firm still beneath the feet of the later armies. Olive Schreiner was far in advance of her time; it is possible that her thought is still in advance of 80 per cent. of women. Like a bugle blown across the market place, gossip and babies and shopping was the strong, pure idealism of Olive Schreiner's message more than forty years ago. On the minds of many women now middle-aged stays the image and the lesson created on it in their girlhood by Lyndall in the great "Story." Just out of school, stifled with those prison airs, with no career awaiting them but marriage, they read that burning book and greeted with pioneer hearts the emancipation of women. A beam of light had spread from the South African farm that penetrated every village and town in England where there were those thirsting for truth, for courage, for direction. A higher moral and spiritual world opened out in which women were no longer someone else's property. Neither for expediency nor tradition must they surrender their spiritual freedom. Heroic thoughts, great dreams filled their minds. Olive Schreiner, who had awakened this sleeping multitude, was idolised and revered. She was the breath of spring and prophecy over a dead world of convention and weariness. We wish that Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner, in his devoted work, discovering and revealing his wife's early life—for she did not meet him till she was thirty-six—had told more about the effect of her famous novel, how it sold, how it was reviewed, how far it penetrated other countries. Olive Schreiner's life was darkened by her physical sufferings, a painful, puzzling asthmatic trouble which began at seventeen and never left her. Her husband writes with great tenderness and comprehension. It is difficult to make even an ordinary character quite intelligible to itself, and Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner has had a difficult task in making this fiery genius always intelligible to readers. He recognises that unexplainable spirit of personality, that something that cannot be registered by pen and ink and human words in the stormy and beautiful character of Olive Schreiner. Her spiritual intensity, her strong imagination, the lonely trials of her soul and body have an affinity most of all with Emily Bronte. On the summit of Buffalo Kop, a majestic plateau above the farm of her early married days, she rests now with her tiny baby and faithful dog, and where her husband, too, some day will join her.

THE MASTERS OF ENGRAVING AND ETCHING

Albrecht Altdorfer, by Emil Waldmann, Director of the Kunsthalle, Bremen.

Four Early Italian Engravers, by Tancred Borenius, Ph.D., Professor of the History of Art in University of London.

(Published by The Medici Society, Limited, price 17s. 6d. each.)

THE peculiar charm of engraving arises partly from the fact that it is a forgotten art, at least as an independent means of expression. After its sudden rise somewhere about the year 1446 (which is the earliest known date on an existing engraving), it flourished for not much more than a century, during which period, however, it was used by some of the greatest painters both in Italy and in the North. Then the elaboration of a system of shading by means of dots made it possible to render a far wider range of tones, and this perfected the engravers' technique for the purpose of reproducing paintings, to which use it has since been very largely put; while, on the other hand, the invention of the more flexible medium of etching naturally attracted artists who were becoming more and more desirous to express themselves as directly and rapidly as possible.

The engraving, particularly in the hands of the German Little Masters, seems to give a more intimate interpretation than do contemporary paintings. In this, more popular, field the artists' conceptions do not so often soar into the universal realm of plastic form; their charm lies rather in that they give us delightful glimpses of their own lives, and reveal to us all the quaint customs and ideas which we should otherwise scarcely be able to picture to ourselves. Of these masters, Albrecht Altdorfer, who is the subject of one of the two first volumes of a new series of books on the Masters of Engraving and Etching, published by the Medici Society, is the most perfect and the most intimate. He has not the amazing accomplishment or the grandeur of Dürer, but makes up for these by the romantic atmosphere of his conceptions, his delicate charm of line and his great, and at that time, unique interest in landscape. In fact he is the earliest artist to regard landscape as a matter of sufficient importance for a picture or plate without the introduction of figures. His landscapes, most of which are etched, are not merely topographical, they are full of light and air, and must have considerably influenced the pioneer of Dutch landscape painting, Hercules Seghers. The rest of his work consists of many charming prints of a devotional character, studies of contemporary soldiers, some curious and often very beautiful designs for goblets, and the usual classical subjects, so popular everywhere during the Renaissance. These latter, however, are treated in such a homely, German manner that it is not surprising the "Venus Chastizing Cupid" should have found greater favour as a fashion plate (thanks to her wonderful head-dress), than as a presentation of the goddess of beauty.

The reproductions in these volumes are excellent, especially if we take into account the minute size of Altdorfer's plates—some, containing figures and a mass of detail, are not much larger than a postage stamp. The other volume, compiled by Professor Borenius, deals with Four Early Italian Engravers: Antonio Pollaiuolo, Andrea Mantegna, Jacopo de Barbari and Giulio Campagnola. It is to be hoped that a further volume of the present series will be devoted to Maso Finiguerra, or rather to the works tentatively grouped round his name. Unfortunately, Vasari's story about his discovery of engraving is no longer tenable, but nevertheless he remains the most attractive worker in the Florentine Fine Manner. The greatest engraver in the so-called Broad Manner (a bolder use of lines without cross-hatching), is undoubtedly Pollaiuolo, whose only authentic engraving is the "Battle of the Naked Men," a splendid example

of force expressed by means of the human form. To know the structure of the body more perfectly, and to be able to represent it in such a way that it should convey the sensation of strength and give the idea of movement was the aim of nearly all the most prominent Florentine artists of the Renaissance, and none have succeeded in doing this better (at any rate before Michelangelo), than Pollaiuolo. The splendid symmetry of the design, the rhythm of the lithe bodies and swinging arms, the way in which, without loss of unity, the warriors are divided into groups of two with the issue of the contest clearly indicated in each case, the beautiful arabesque of these figures against a dark background of strong and steady upright lines and the fine quality of the contours have never been equalled. There is no classical purity of form in these figures, but they are made beautiful by their vitality, and the sureness and simplicity with which they are drawn. How much of the effect lies in the execution may be seen by comparing Robetta's engraving after Pollaiuolo, "Hercules and the Hydra," with Pollaiuolo's own drawing for this picture, both of which may be seen at the British Museum. The attitude of the hero has been fairly carefully copied, but all the life and fire have gone; a similar contrast, though not so striking, is shown in Professor Borenius' book, where a fragment of an original cartoon by Pollaiuolo is reproduced next to an engraving after it by a follower. In this case the muscular tension is, if anything, more strongly brought out in the engraving, but the rhythm is lost and the figures look wooden and lifeless in comparison to the original.

No Italian was better equipped by the very nature of his art to express himself in engraving than Mantegna. In all his works it is the precise and sculptural definition of form which interests him most. His figures, whether painted or engraved, always bear that rigid and eternal aspect, as though they were chiselled in stone, or cast in metal, but the very austerity of his treatment leaves one all the more impressed with the plastic beauty of his designs. Besides the seven plates attributed to his own hand, a number of highly interesting school pieces are reproduced, showing the extent and nature of his influence.

Jacopo de Barbari is the very reverse of Mantegna; instead of making his figures look metallic he rather accentuates their softness, delights in the clinging quality of drapery and expresses himself with an almost Gothic suavity of line. Giulio Campagnola, a very attractive engraver, who echoes in his work something of the romantic glow associated with the school of Giorgione in painting, holds a very important place in the history of engraving, for he modified the existing technique by introducing a system of dot and flick work with the graver which imparted a rich, velvety quality to his plates, but marks at the same time the beginnings of decline in the art of pure line engraving. Therefore it is to etching rather than engraving that one should look in later times for original artistic creation.

The present series of books, of which a volume on Dürer, by Mr. Campbell Dodgson and another on Marcantonio by Professor Borenius are already announced, should prove of immense use to the connoisseur and art lover, for they fulfil at a comparatively moderate price the one ideal requirement of an art book; they give a reproduction of every known work of the master dealt with, as well as all available information concerning it.



A. POLLAIUOLO. "BATTLE OF NAKED MEN."



ALTDORFER. "VENUS CHASTIZING CUPID."

SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

MODERN CARTRIDGE PRODUCTION.

AVISIT which I recently paid to the Waltham Abbey cartridge factory of Messrs. Nobel supplied a number of interesting impressions to ponder over and, perhaps, write about in the future. Meanwhile, the fact which made the sharpest impression on my mind is the way in which every effort has been bent towards raising the cheaper brands of cartridges to the standard formerly associated with the best. The distinction to-day resides almost entirely in the construction of the case head, and although one may still recommend, to those able to afford them, the more highly reinforced designs, there is satisfaction in knowing that instances of trouble with the simpler constructions are becoming very rare. That the unlined case is cheaper than that fitted with an interior iron cup is due to the fact that automatic machinery assembles them with a minimum of attention by labour. By improvements in the paper filling of the base, technically known as the base wad, the needful combination of strength and adaptability to chamber dimensions can be attained; and that really is a great triumph in manufacture. As is well known, the powders loaded into these cheap cases are nowadays the best brands, which, by long experience, the sportsman has learnt to esteem. The felt wadding used in the economically priced cases, though not the same highly refined mixture of hair and wool which is used for the best, has none of the shoddy characteristics of the material known as "feltine." This is hopeless as a piston material for cartridges; as tests, whether practical or scientific, quickly show. But a true felt, which, with the rest of the cartridge, passes the ballistic tests—hourly proceeding—must be doing its work properly, even though in colour it may be a humble brown. In the department which deals with shot I naturally spent a good deal of time, going over in detail the records of hardness, shape, regularity and other tests which are applied to every batch supplied for current work. The impression formed in my mind was that, even if perfection has not been reached in the past few seasons, serious measures are being taken to bring this component up to the level which has been attained in all other details. Incidentally, I might remark that some of my more recent tests have tended to show that quality of shot is not so important a factor in securing good patterns as is commonly believed. Anyhow, I have obtained some remarkable results with specimens which would emerge badly from any searching system of examination of form, regularity and hardness.

GARDEN AIR RIFLE PRACTICE.

Among shooters there must be many who have experienced the difficulty of improvising, on the spur of the moment, satisfactory arrangements for holding a rifle target and safely catching

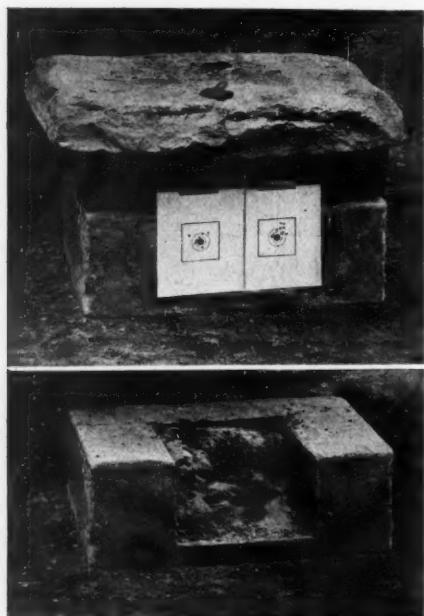
the bullets after they have duly passed through. Usually, a plank is materialised from somewhere, also hammer and tacks, the board being uneasily set up on promiscuous supports. Perhaps, after that, firing proceeds satisfactorily enough until someone discovers that a prized piece of rock work is being scarred by the bullets, or else that they are getting away in a direction hardly to be described as "No Man's Land." There is no need to pursue the subject further. Suffice to say that an ever-ready rifle-butt is no small asset to those

who would periodically train hand and eye. In my own case this is more or less essential, for, apart from ordinary routine testing, I am often invited, in the course of my visits to Public School ranges, to fire a few shots, and, although there might be excuse for a poor exhibition, there are distinct advantages in being able to put up a creditable performance. For this and other reasons my habit has been to indulge in desultory practice

with the air rifle, a pair of French windows and a soft rug within providing a satisfactory, and even luxurious, firing line. The butts have always been a difficulty, more especially because the confined space of a London garden necessitates a silent as well as a safe receptacle for the pellets. Having noticed that sand received them with loving embrace, I roughly carpentered the necessary mould for a concrete casting, and so produced the block with central sand-trough, as shown in the lower portion of the accompanying illustration. Resting on top is a solid timber batten, to the lower edge of which a simple wood fillet has been screwed, ordinary paper clips serving to suspend the targets. So, with a very little trouble, a highly satisfactory target frame and bullet catcher was fashioned, the eroded stone slab on top supplying an agreeable finish which minimises the incongruity of so severe a structure in garden landscape. The range provided is about fifteen yards, this approximately corresponding to the accuracy of which air rifles are capable. Another very similar block has been built into a rockwork wall which lies some yards farther back: this for use on occasions when ambition soars to longer ranges. Perhaps the merit of my design would be better appreciated were I to name some of the disadvantages of improvised backgrounds. If, for instance, the bullets are allowed to strike on an ordinary background ricochets are bound to occur and may cause damage, annoyance or actual danger. When air-gun pellets strike a hard plank they usually fail to penetrate, sometimes rebounding dangerously into the shooter's face. Iron is safe, but, unless thick, very noisy; it also possesses the disadvantage that splinters strike back and cut the target, occasionally making marks which from a distance resemble bullet holes. Finally, nearly all casually set-up targets flutter in the wind and so distract the shooter. The above and other nuisances impress themselves on the mind and, as a result, check the impulse to fill odd half-hours with what is really a very pleasant incidental recreation.

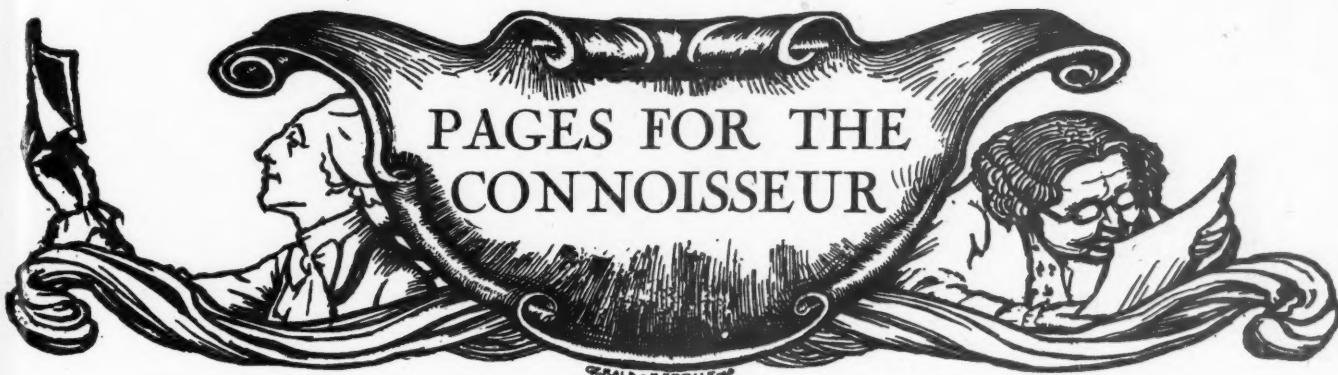
RIFLE PRACTICE ANALYSED.

The course of practice which was promptly indulged, in order to test the new toy, stimulated some passing reflections on the be-all and end-all of that most desirable of patriotic accomplishments: skill in the use of the rifle. As target shooting is conducted, what are the fundamentals of genuine skill? Apparently, the entire process resolves itself into watching and controlling a somewhat prolonged interview between the foresight and the bull, the finger meanwhile maintaining intimate contact with the trigger to the end that release may be effected during one of those brief spells when the aforesaid items are in kissing and unquivering contact. Meanwhile, the body is being impressed with the necessity to maintain an inertness foreign to its natural habit and, therefore, in contrast to the necessities for breathing, heart-beat and those nervous tremors which, while they serve no known purpose, are present in varying degree according to individual constitution or habits. The eye, likewise, is essaying the difficult task of seeing two things at once, while devoting its outer region of perceptiveness to supervision of the back-sight notch. Altogether, a great many things are being subconsciously practised, the good group depending not only on keeping everything under control but also on avoiding that panicky jerk which, all too often, mars the effect of earlier effort. Perhaps, by way of comic relief to this inward struggle, a cheeky sparrow takes station in the apple tree above and, by incessant chirping, breaks the spell of serious effort. He, at least, must learn that such skill as has been acquired is no subject for ridicule. But the moment a practical task is set, unexpected difficulties intrude their presence. The standing position is imposed, branches are in the way, the body must, as far as possible, be kept out of view. At last all is ready, the perfect bead is drawn; but, alas! Mr. Sparrow hops on to the next branch and fresh aim must be taken. This happens once or twice more and, finally, a rather hasty aim is taken and the bird missed. Nevertheless, the solemn work at the target is not only a valuable preparation, but an important between-times reminder of how a rifle must be held in order that a clean and well directed aim shall be taken. As the discussion is one which could be indefinitely prolonged, this desultory reference may be brought to a close by mentioning a more satisfactory interruption to serious practice than that of the imaginary sparrow. Some dozen or more years ago I had carefully adjusted the sights of a rifle destined for rook shooting, and to make quite sure that the setting arrived at by target tests was also right for standing shooting, I emptied a box or more of cartridges at a 3in. iron disc which had been suspended by chains in front of a white plate. At the time when I was shooting at this automatic species of target from 50yds. distance and was making it swing a satisfactory proportion of times in relation to the shots fired, suddenly a carrion-crow flew boldly into the top of a tree behind the butts and uttered the familiar four evenly timed cries of his kind. There was nothing to do but move the aim of the rifle from disc to bird, allowing as nearly as possible the extra 8ins. of bullet drop which 100yds. distance necessitated. Otherwise, the identical aim needed for the iron disc was taken, and the bird fell, pierced right through the heart.



VIEW OF THE BUTTS: CONCRETE BLOCK SEPARATELY SHOWN.

April 19th, 1924.



EDWARD PIERCE, THE SCULPTOR, AS WOOD-CARVER

THE quantity and high quality of applied carving in wood—"the curious works of fruitages, foliage, shields, statues, and most of the ornaments appertaining to architecture" that Evelyn speaks of, is a feature of the years succeeding the Restoration, but with the exception of the greatest, Grinling Gibbons, little is known of the executants. It is possible, however, to assign on contemporary evidence certain carved work in two houses—Wolseley Hall in Staffordshire and Combe Abbey in Warwickshire—to an interesting figure, Edward Pierce or Pearce, whose bust of the young Wren (illustrated in the recent Proceedings of the Walpole Society) is, perhaps, the finest portrait bust of any sculptor of the English school. Bernini himself never outdid the rendering of texture in the hair and flesh nor "the living, even palpitating likeness of which carries conviction at a glance." The delicate yet masterly technique, the eager life of this creation, set it apart among Pierce's work, and suggest a close study of the contemporary portrait-sculpture of France and Italy.

The ascertained facts about Pierce, who was born about 1630, are very few. The statement that he was "pupil" of Frances Bird, born in 1667, is absurd. As Mrs. Poole points out, his professional career as sculptor and architect can be followed by means of his signed works and by the appearance of his name in the declared accounts of public buildings of the time. From before the Restoration date the terra-cotta bust of Milton at Christ's College, Cambridge (once in the possession of Virtue), the terra-cotta head of Cromwell in the National Portrait Gallery, and the finer marble counterpart in the Ashmolean Museum, signed by Pierce—a remarkable and virile study of the Protector, in which the rugged character and the masterful personality are sensitively expressed. "Place it beside the usual paintings by Lely or Robert Walker and they look like lifeless masks." A later bust of Cromwell, in bronze, signed and dated 1672, now in the London Museum, has not the actuality of the portrait from the life. It has been conjectured that Pierce went abroad after the Restoration, and certainly there are no signs of his work, as Mrs. Poole points out, between the end of 1661 and 1668. The Wren bust, though unsigned, is authenticated by a letter of Wren's son, Christopher, who writes in 1742 that "the marble bust of my father in the picture gallery at Oxford was the performance of Edward Pierce about the year 1673." In 1668 Pierce was "chosen of the Livery" of the Painter-Stainers Company and in the closing years of his life he was appointed Master. Hence, no doubt, his two commissions for the Company, the bust of Thomas Evans and a carved door. In 1687 he made a marble bust of Thomas Evans, Master

of the Painter-Stainers Company for the hall, and in the recently published history of that Company we learn that "the door" (presumably the front door), had been carved by "one Edward Pierce" in October, 1675. The bust of Thomas Evans, which is marble, slightly over life size, is carved with a broad and effective realism, and is a dignified memorial of the "father" and benefactor of the Painter-Stainers, probably commissioned after his death in January, 1688. Turning from Pierce's busts to his signed drawing in the British Museum of a proposed monument to the George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, who died in 1687, it is evident that all Pierce's quality had deserted him. The design is crowded, redundant and baroque, the monument is said never to have been erected. The figures of the Duke and Duchess recline on a sarcophagus, behind them is a trophy of arms. Standing figures of the Duke and Duchess also figure in niches between Corinthian pillars, supporting an entablature surmounted by trophies of arms, while Fame is lightly poised upon a dome in the centre of the composition. In the Soane Museum is a statuette which (as was pointed out by Mrs. Esaile), is a study for the figure of the Duke wearing the Garter robes and periwig, though it does not correspond with the indications of Pierce's drawing. The full length statue of Sir William Walworth, dating between 1684 and 1686, is a perverse and inexpressive figure, awkwardly posed. The late seventeenth and eighteenth century sculptors were not happy in their conceptions of mediæval personages. The shoulders are pinched, the action of Walworth's left hand nervously drawing his gown across the form unhappy; the restlessness of the composition not counterbalanced by any vivacity. Pierce's early biographer, Graham, tells us that he entered into partnership with a Thomas Manby, a landscape painter, who was famous for bringing from Italy a collection of pictures; and Mrs. Poole has drawn attention to the announcement in the *London Gazette* for January 30th to February 3rd, 1695-96, of a sale of their "curious collection of books, drawings, prints, models and plaster figures." Pierce's burial is entered in the register of St. Clement Danes on March 27th, 1695, and he left no will. If Virtue is correct in stating, on Talman's authority, that Dr. George Clarke possessed, together with a journal and drawings by Inigo Jones "several drawings by Edward Pierce, a curious architect and carver and great assistant of St. Christ. Wren," more work could no doubt be identified, but though search has been made in the Clarke Collection at Worcester College, no signed drawings were found.

In the Audit Office declared accounts Pierce is paid for carving for Hampton Court in Portland stone two dolphins and a "cesterne for a fountain, more for great Vauze of white marble all the figures



1.—A DOORWAY IN THE DRAWING-ROOM, WOLSELEY HALL, STAFFORDSHIRE.



2.—THE CHIMNEY BREAST, THE BROWN PARLOUR, COMBE ABBEY.



3.—DECORATION IN THE GILT PARLOUR, COMBE ABBEY.

enriched with leaves, festoons of shells and Pedestall or Portland stone, likewise all members enriched . . . more for a white great marble urn with divers figures and other ornaments." This is without doubt the great marble urn at Windsor Castle (illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE*, June 7th, 1902), carved with wreaths, shells, armorini, mermaids, satyrs and masks, together with a little figure subject (Athene giving a shield to an armed hero), which indicates that he had the requisite gift for design; and the fact that his father (also Edward Pierce) designed and etched a volume of "Freeze work" in 1640, consisting of foliated scroll patterns suitable for modelling or, perhaps, carving, may have not been without influence upon such decorative carving. Other garden ornaments for Hampton Court, such as "a stone chair for the garden with a canopy of drapery," "a fountain carved with scrolls and festoons for the Privy Garden," chairs and seats "carved with dolphins," have gone the way of so much formal garden ornaments.

In Mrs. Poole's valuable study of Pierce, to which I am much indebted, it is said that he is nowhere (except in the one statue of Sir William Walworth in Fishmongers' Hall) met with as a carver of wood. "It is nevertheless possible (she adds) that just as Gibbons himself occasionally did mason's work, Pierce may have cut some of the wreaths of flowers and fruit that crowd the churches of the period."

After the vogue for rooms enriched with applied carving of flowers, birds, shells and other objects deftly grouped and linked together was introduced by Grinling Gibbons in the Royal palaces and in great houses after 1670, a modest arrangement, consisting of a festoon and two drops framing a picture or panel over the chimneypiece, is frequently met with. At Combe Abbey additions were made by the first Lord Craven about 1684 to the existing house, the date which appears on the rain-water heads and also on a riband in one of the magnificent plaster ceilings, and two rooms, the gilt and the Brown parlour, are enriched with a festoon and drops of carving over the chimneypiece. In the Brown parlour, the wreaths of fruit and flower framing a portrait of the Duchess of Cleveland (Fig. 2) correspond to a very faint pencil sketch, inscribed "for the parlor chamber" and bearing the name "Edward Peirce," which is included among a series of contemporary designs by the Dutch architect, William Winde, for Combe Abbey, a seat of "little Lord Craven," whose bounty, according to a correspondent in the *Verney Letters*, made him the subject of every man's discourse.

It is very probable that Pierce also supplied the applied decorations in the Gilt parlour, though of this there is no direct evidence. Here, over the chimneypiece, Roman body armour, quivers, helmets and standards are linked together in effective trophies (centring in the crest of the Craven family, a griffin statant with wings elevated), symbolising the military career of the first Earl of Craven; while the arms of the family are sustained by amorini in another grouping on the opposite side of the room. Lord Craven had won military distinction under the Prince of Orange, and again in 1632 at the taking of Kreuznach, where he was wounded (Fig. 3).

Pierce's work here is less daring, less foreign and less complex than Gibbons's actual achievements of Windsor and Hampton Court, though the technique and disposition of the floral groups is akin to his; the sculptor of the Wren bust in the Ashmolean would master the vivid and sensitive naturalism of Gibbons's technique more readily than humble craftsmen, such as Watson, Lobb and Davis, whose handiwork is seen in the State rooms at Chatsworth. At Wolseley Hall in Staffordshire, the "new diningroom" was, according to the contemporary evidence of the historian of the country, Robert Plot, the "work of One Pierce" and characterised as "very good." Celia Fiennes also, who travelled through Yorkshire and the Midlands to Staffordshire in the year 1697, was able to admire the parlour and very good staircase, well wainscoted and carved, and also the chambers Sir Charles (Wolseley) had built, while she condemns (as was her custom) the rest of the house, which "was all old and low and must be new built." On another journey she speaks of the house as an old timber building, except for the "noble staircase with handsome chambers" and the large parlour "new built by Sir Charles." The old timber-framed portion of the house and much of the late seventeenth century work was swept away during a drastic "Gothic" renovation in the nineteenth century by the seventh baronet; but the fine staircase, though removed, was preserved intact, and also the wainscot of the present drawing-room. Here the detail, but for the evidence of Plot, does not suggest the sculptor, except in the rich and intricate friezes of the fine pedimented doors and the elaborate cartouche within the broken pediment, which are doubtless Pierce's handiwork (Fig. 1). The date of the wainscot and carving is not known, but it was probably completed during the early "enriched period" of our decoration in Charles II's reign.

That little work can be definitely attributed to Edward Pierce is to some degree due to his occupation as an assistant to Wren, and in this capacity he rebuilt, in 1680, the church of St. Clement Danes, the small church of St. Matthew, Friday Street (between 1682 and 1687), and St. Laurence Jewry (between 1671 and 1681). In this latter church he did the carving in stone, the prices given for the carving including "ruffled leaves" or acanthus at 1s. 9d. a foot, festoons at four pounds, and scrolls at half a crown apiece; but the interior woodwork—which is, indeed, not in his manner—is not mentioned in the full accounts in the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian Library.

M. JOURDAN.